

THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME 12. NO. 22.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1894.

TERMS—\$1.50 IN ADVANCE

C. F. Smith was at Antigo last Saturday.

Creamery butter at Langdon's, only 19 cents per pound.

A. S. Pierce returned yesterday morning from a business trip to Chicago.

Geo. Joseph repairs guns and bicycles at Cory & Mack's store opposite City hotel.

Freights on the Northwestern line are again running on time and regularly.

Everything and anything in the lumber line can be secured at Wixson & Bronson's.

Watch for the street parade of St. Plunkard's band to-morrow. It will be worth seeing.

Grocery fixtures, scales, coffee mills etc., also delivery wagon for sale. Enquire of Irvin Gray.

The People's Party men will meet at the Grand Opera House Saturday evening to organize a political club.

If you want the best flour in the market go to Langdon's and get a sack of the Duluth Imperial patent.

Miss Lou Snyder left Thursday night for Sycamore, Ill., for a visit with relatives and friends. She will be gone about six weeks.

Wixson & Bronson are prepared to sell lumber at retail to parties in the city and will deliver the same to any part of the city. Try them.

Will Brown's condition continues to improve and his recovery is confidently looked for. For some time it was considered extremely doubtful, but the crisis has passed.

For first-class work in painting, decorating, paper-hanging and kalsomining see Schmidt, the painter, Geo. Jenkinson & Son's Hardware store.

Emory Fuller has leased his saloon here and will give entire attention to his string of running horses the balance of the season. They are still at St. Paul.

For RENT—Second floor office rooms and living rooms for families on Brown street. Inquire of Brown Bros. Lumber Co. or at Merchants State Bank.

Walt Alexander, G. D. Jones, D. D. Hanner and Dan McDonald are among the Wausau men who have been here during the past week working in Alex. Stewart's behalf.

A satisfied customer is a permanent one. That is why we recommend DeWitt's Little Early Risers. They cure constipation, indigestion and biliousness. J. J. Reardon & Co.

John E. McIndoe disposed of a new bicycle this week by selling one hundred and twenty tickets at a cent for each number. The scheme nets him a good price for the wheel and somebody gets it pretty cheap.

Wixson & Bronson would be pleased to receive your orders for lumber of any kind, lath, shingles, pickets and mouldings.

W. H. Doherty, now superintendent of the Diamond Match Co., while at Ontonagon, Mich., was here last week with Mrs. Doherty. They came to see the latter's brother, W. H. Brown, and remained until he was out of danger. Their many friends here were glad to see them.

Mr. Langdon is prepared to sell you groceries of all kinds at the lowest possible price for cash. His stock is fresh and all first-class. He pays cash for his goods, and gives his customers the benefit of the discounts obtained by so doing. A call at his store will convince you that you can save money by buying your groceries at Langdon's.

Hon. M. C. Ring, of Neshville, was in the city over Sunday. Mr. Ring is one of Wisconsin's ablest Republicans, a man of fine address and splendid character. He would make the ninth district an able and effective worker in Congress and there are a great many Republicans in Onondaga county who would much prefer to see him, of all others, receive the nomination.

W. H. Nelson, who is in the drug business in Kingsville, Mo., has so much confidence in Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhea remedy that he warrants every bottle and offers to refund the money to any customer who is not satisfied after using it. Mr. Nelson takes no risk in doing this because the remedy is a certain cure for the diseases for which it is intended and he knows it. It is for sale by the Palace Drug Co.

Langdon sells Q. P. Soap, the best family soap in the land.

Hugh McIndoe and family are up from Chicago for a brief visit to relatives.

Ice cream and ice cream soda at Rhinelander Bakery.

Miss Maud Sanford, of Merrill, is visiting the family of Ed Rogers this week.

Best dairy butter 15 cents per pound by the tub, at Langdon's.

Dr. W. Towns, the renowned specialist, will visit Rhinelander again July 18, 19 and 20. Office at Fuller House.

Small in size, great in results: DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Best pill for constipation, best for sick headache, best for sour stomach. J. J. Reardon & Co.

H. B. Broughton, left for Marinette Monday, where he has a position with the National Weighing Association. He will be missed by many friends here.

For instance, Mrs. Chas. Rogers, of Bay City, Mich., accidentally spilled scalding water over her little boy. She promptly applied DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, giving instant relief. It's a wonderfully good salve for burns, bruises, sores, and a sure cure for piles.

The Grand Opera House has been leased from the company at present running it, by John J. Jensen, of Escanaba, Mich., who takes possession Aug. 17. Mr. Jensen has had a great deal of experience in the managing of opera houses and will give Rhinelander a first-class line of attractions.

"There is a salve for every wound." We refer to DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, cures burns, bruises, cuts, indolent sores, as a local application in the nostrils it cures catarrh, and always cures piles. J. J. Reardon & Co.

The party given by Mrs. and Mrs. R. L. Lewis and the Misses Allen at the residence of the former, Wednesday evening, in honor of Miss Huntington of Wausau, was the largest and most enjoyable assemblage of its kind ever held in Rhinelander. The building was tastefully arrayed with Japanese lanterns from top to bottom, and the effect was very pretty. Dancing was the order of the evening and was indulged in until late hour. In the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty guests were present.

A horse kicked H. S. Shafer, of the Freyer House, Middleburg, N. Y., on the knee, which laid him up in bed and caused the knee joint to become stiff. A friend recommended him to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm which he did, and in two days was able to be around. Mr. Shafer has recommended it to many others and says it is excellent for any kind of bruise or sprain. The same remedy is also famous for its cures of rheumatism. For sale by the Palace Drug Co.

The contest for delegates to attend the Republican county convention to-morrow has been a warm and spirited one, but there are two pleasant remembrances of it. One is that it has been a good natured one, and no matter how warm, both sides have displayed good judgment in not stirring strife or discord in the party's ranks. When the nomination is made at Merrill all will be for the nominee. The other good feature is that the canvass shows no less than 150 men that have formerly voted the Democratic ticket who will this year affiliate with the Republicans. They will turn against the common enemy in November and with the same energy as has been displayed in caucuses, put Onondaga into the ranks of heavy Republican counties.

Last June Dick Crawford brought his twelve-months-old child, suffering from infantile diarrhea, to me. It had been weaned at four months old and had always been sickly. I gave the usual treatment in such cases, but without benefit. The child kept growing thinner until it weighed but little more than when born, or perhaps ten pounds. I then started the father to giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea remedy. Before one bottle of the 25 cent size had been used a marked improvement was seen and its continued use cured the child. Its weakness and puny constitution disappeared and its father and myself believe the child's life was saved by this remedy. J. T. Marlow, M. D., Tamaroa, Ill. For sale at the Palace Drug Store, Rhinelander, Wis.

Look for bargains in dry goods at Gray's Saturday.

Soda water and milk shake at Rhinelander Bakery.

Dan Fitzpatrick gives a dance in the Grand Opera House to-night.

A. J. Ames and John W. Fenton were over from Hazelhurst yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Kemp are entertaining a friend from Cincinnati this week.

E. R. LeFevre and D. H. Vaughn were down from Tomahawk Lake Monday.

It's all the same, a slight cold, congested lungs or severe cough. One Minute Cough Cure banishes them. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co.

George Chase was badly injured yesterday by his team running away. He is now improving.

Specialties on Saturday at Rhinelander Bakery: Lemon Pies, Macaroons and English-cake loaves.

No griping, no nausea, no pain, when DeWitt's Little Early Risers are taken. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill. J. J. Reardon & Co.

State Land Agent W. H. Canon is at Tripp's Maple Grove resort with his family this week, enjoying the fishing.

All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as one trial of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for scalds, burns, bruises skin affections and piles. J. J. Reardon & Co.

One word describes it—"perfection." We refer to DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, cures obstinate sores, burns, skin diseases and is a well known cure for piles. J. J. Reardon & Co.

Headache is the direct result of indigestion and stomach disorders. Remedy these by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers and your headache disappears. The favorite little pill everywhere. J. J. Reardon & Co.

Not one minute elapses between the taking of One Minute Cough Cure and relief. Why shouldn't people take One Minute Cough Cure? They should. They do. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co.

Geo. Clayton was at Chicago last Saturday. He didn't visit the railroad yard section of the city, but he says that in the city proper the strike was no more noticed than as if it hadn't been on, except for the presence of soldiers on the lake front.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as any thing else. It's easier to cure a severe cold or cough with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine; better results; better price. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co.

The musical entertainment given by the pupils of Miss Alice Dayton at the Congregational church Monday evening was well attended. All who took part in the exercises acquitted themselves in a masterly manner, showing that the work of the teacher had not been wasted. Miss Dayton was assisted by Miss Grace Chambers, pianiste, and Walter Schlessman, violin. The efforts of both were highly appreciated by the audience. Miss Dayton was presented with a handsome belt with silver trimmings by the pupils, as a token of their esteem.

The Caucuses.

The Republican caucuses Wednesday night were the largest and most warmly contested ever seen in this county. The interest and work preceding them never abated for several days and when the contest came last night everything was at fever heat. The fight was all made on Congressmen. The Stewart men were aggressive all day and made a long, hard battle. The Ring men were confident of securing enough to carry the county, and they did it easily. The men they had picked out for delegates were elected in every ward. The Ring men also got the organization in every caucus. In the first ward William Dunwoodie and Peter Hansen were chosen. This was done by acclamation. In the second ward James Farnsworth and A. Carlson went in easily. In the third J. Lagoe and Clarence Olson were easily elected. The fourth ward had a good big turnout. A. W. Brown and George Olson were elected. The fifth had the largest crowd of all. Over one hundred and fifty votes were cast. J. W. McCormack and Fred Coon going in on a close vote. The sixth went easily for S. G. Tuttle and F. M. Mason. In the town of Pelican also Ring delegates were chosen, Arthur Rogers and Louis Larson capturing it by a small majority. Woodboro elected a Stewart delegate. Hazelhurst elected Stewart delegates. The county convention to-morrow will choose three delegates to go to the Congressional convention, who will undoubtedly go uninstructed. They will also elect two delegates to the State convention.

What threatened to be a most disastrous fire started Tuesday noon in the Atlas Lumber Co.'s yard. Fortunately the wind was favorable to hold it within a small space and the fire company, aided by hundreds of willing hands, were able to put it out. The fire must have caught from a spark, but the distance from the mill is fully 500 feet. When the blaze got to going furiously some one wired Antigo for their engine, but before they started they were told not to come. The lumber burned was owned by E. L. Godkin, of Bay City, Mich. Some six hundred thousand feet were burned.

Monona Lake Assembly.

A glance at the program of the fifteenth annual Assembly shows features that make it, if possible, even better than those of former years. Surely the many people who are looking for a pleasant way of taking their midsummer outing will find much to attract them on the shore of beautiful Monona. Those who wish to study will find ample opportunity in the various schools, while others will find instruction and amusement in the many lectures and entertainments. We can mention only a part of the attractions. Prof. H. H. Boyesen, of Columbia College, will give a series of five lectures on the Modern Novel. Booker T. Washington, the leader of the movement to furnish an industrial education to the blacks in the South, will give an address. Gen. John B. Gordon, U. S. Senator for Georgia, will give his famous lecture on the "Last Days of the Confederacy." John Temple Graves and Rev. Samuel P. Jones and others will also speak. The evenings will be devoted to entertainments by gentlemen and lady quartettes, soloists, readers, impersonators, slight of hand performances, etc.

Madam Sissieretta Jones, the "Black Patti," said to be the finest Soprano in the country, is engaged for four days. Mackenzie Gordon, whose wonderful tenor voice roused so much enthusiasm at the last Assembly, will sing throughout the entire season. Classes in elocution and elocution will be organized under the direction of competent instructors. Dr. Worden, the normal conductor, will give a series of biblical lectures, and Mrs. Crafts will introduce the "Boys' Brigade," one or more companies of which will camp on the ground. These, with other important features which space forbids us to mention, make the program more attractive than ever before. All interested should send to James E. Mosley, Madison, for a copy of the Quarterly.

St. Plunkard's Coming.

The great impersonator of Yankee character, J. C. Lewis, supported by a grand double company, is to appear at the Grand Opera House, Friday, July 13. This attraction has no connection with the comedy known as "St. Plunkard," and has no resemblance thereto, except in the country farmers' hand parade. The play is one of the most realistic pictures of country life ever drawn. It has three acts which are brim full of funny situations and comic specialties. The company has a brass band and full orchestra, of which every member is a solo artist.

Low Rates to La Crosse.

On account of the Bi-Annual Saengerfest of the Northwestern Saengerbund at La Crosse, Wis., July 12th to 15th, the North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to La Crosse and return at greatly reduced rates. For dates of sale, limits of tickets, etc., apply to Agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

Pure Spring Water.

I have arrangements completed for delivering water from the Onondaga Spring, to any part of the city, fresh every morning. The cost is only nominal and the water absolutely pure. Those desiring service should apply at once.

ARTHUR TAYLOR.

For Sale.

Good farming lands near Rhinelander for sale at reasonable figures. Also lots in Cohn, Ring & Slininger's first, second and third additions to Rhinelander. Enquire of E. C. Sturdevant at the court house.

Dry Wood.

Shingle Wood, 75 cts. per load. Slabs, \$1.00 per load. Delivered to all parts of the city by A. Kincaid. Leave orders at Stevens & Son's mill office.

A good big roomy house, in a good location for taking boarders can be bought on reasonable terms. Inquire at this office.

Lay Sermon.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire."—Lake 10-7.

It is a matter for sincere congratulation that a preacher's congregation whose labor is their subsistence. The toilers of the land are its home and snow. The perpetuity of free institutions is based upon honest labor. Labor was instituted by the Supreme Architect. His own works being good He designed that the works of his creatures should be good. The best wages for the best labor is a motto which would herald real prosperity. When labor prospers the community prospers. When labor droops the community suffers. As labor is such an important factor in the body politic it is entitled to the highest consideration, public and private. Wise laws should be enacted for its encouragement and protection. Employers should consider its claims on the basis of "live and let live." As the strength of all effort is in union, a system of organized labor is rational, not for aggression, but for protection and improvement. Organization on this line should be based on comity, not on antagonism. Hostility between employer and employed is industrial suicide. When capital seeks to force from labor the largest results for the smallest pay it is tyranny. When labor seeks to force from capital the largest pay for the smallest results it is despotism. The size of a ruler is not indicative of the quality of his government. He may be a great or a petty despot. His rule is no less intolerable. Organized capital and organized labor are equally legitimate. It is difficult to understand why, in the abstract, one should be denounced and the other upheld. Each in its sphere may be useful or destructive according as it is controlled and administered. A good man will be humane whatever his position or power may be. An evil man will be inhuman under the same circumstances. Jay Gould would be a railroad wrecker under any conditions; Debs would be a reckless agitator in any situation. But men do not stop to reason about these things. One bad employer is held up as the prototype of all. One riotous striker is allowed to give character to the whole. Neither side is free from blame. It seems to be assumed that there is a natural and inevitable antagonism between labor and capital. Nothing could be more false. On the contrary there is a natural alliance between these two great forces of civilization. The present situation is abnormal. The war is fratricidal. The two giants that are just now tugging at each other's hearts are twin brothers, born to rule the world and to lift mankind to the highest possible plane of life. Yet they both seem to be doing their level best to pull each other down. Let each beware. When one falls the other dies and Anarchy reigns.

It is easier to point out the evil than to prescribe the remedy. An empiric can see that disease has seized upon the patient, but it requires a physician to diagnose the case and apply the remedy. The most we can now do is to ascertain where the evil is and leave the remedy to wiser heads.

That wealth has acquired enormous power is indisputable. How has the power been acquired? It is not simply because the wealth has been accumulated. Individually the majority of wealthy men are humane and generous. I fully believe that if the wealth of the world were today in individual hands, and administered entirely by individual enterprise, labor troubles would sensibly decrease. It follows from this, then, that the tyranny of capital comes from aggregated wealth, centered in corporations. There are many who echo the cry against corporations who could give no sound reason for their denunciations. Yet they have touched the true source of the trouble.

The corporate form of business has assumed astonishing proportions. Its facility, its safety, its immunity from personal responsibility are such that men greatly prefer it to individual or partnership business. The adage, "corporations have no souls," is ideally as well as literally true. Many a man with the most humane impulses, and to whom personally an appeal was never made in vain, hides himself behind a corporate name, and remains passive while injustice and oppression are perpetrated. This is a fair suggestion of the source of the evil for which wealth is responsible. The remedy must be in the shape of wise, just and beneficent laws, which shall

place adequate restraints upon the powerful bodies which the law has created.

The evils which afflict labor are perhaps not more difficult to suggest. The one great evil is that it so often asserts itself to be above all law. The advantage that corporate wealth has is that it is within the law. The disadvantage of organized labor is that it has violated the law. Working men, as well as others, should not forget that, between law and lawlessness there is no middle ground. Either law or anarchy must rule. The Nation can be preserved only by the iron hand of law. In our wars for national life "Old Glory" could not have saved us if the dogs of war had not been behind it. The war-dogs represented the law; and they did not content themselves with barking either, they had something more effective.

The evil, then, which most afflicts labor is its proneness to put itself outside the pale of law. This is not the fault of the masses of working men; it is the fault of bad leadership. Working men, what do you think of the leadership which brings about the destruction of hundreds of lives and millions of dollars in property, which stagnates business throughout the country and entails immeasurable loss and suffering? Not very wise, is it? Yet that is just what some of your leaders do. They call out their obedient followers to what can only be a hopeless struggle against the military power of the government, while they themselves, safe in their halls or first-class hotels, never risk their previous skins to the performance of anything more deadly than paper bullets or Irish whiskey.

"But man, proud man, Dressed in a little brief authority, Most ignorant of that of which he's boast, He gapes on oozing fools like a good ape, To catch the fantastic tricks before high heaven."

At Make the Angels weep.

These seem to be evil times indeed. I am not able to suggest a remedy in detail; but there is one remedy for all strife and controversy and enmity, prescribed nearly two thousand years ago—"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Let legislation and the acts of just and well meaning men be based on that principle, and capital and labor shall be what they were designed to be, two great factors in the elevation and education of mankind. So note it be.

The Inevitable is Again Upon Us.

In 1890, Treason stalked through our land, assisted unwittingly by some, laughed at by some, and practically ignored by all. In December, 1890, South Carolina by its Governor, demanded that President Buchanan cause the U. S. troops to be removed from that state and Fort Sumpter; the President refused and rebellion followed.

For more than a year past, Gipsy bands of idle men, some apparently peaceful and harmless, some typical specimens of unkempt anarchists, all declaiming offers of work, have roamed over the land foraging upon the country. Individuals and communities have fed these roving bands, and aided and abetted them, and in the guise of charity but selfishly, furnished them with transportation, passing them along to foment upon others, until lawlessness and rebellion is again a condition of our country.

In 1891 the Governor of Illinois "requested President Cleveland to immediately withdraw the U. S. troops from the state of Illinois."

July 8th, the allied Trades Unions at Chicago "resolved that the city council be requested to demand of President Cleveland the withdrawal of the U. S. troops, insisting that the Mayor take steps at once to compel the withdrawal of U. S. troops, and pledging the support of the organized trades in Chicago in the accomplishment of this result;" and thus the disloyalty of 1891 is with us again in 1894. What of the hour?

Turning as we instinctively do to Washington's farewell address we read: "The very idea of the power and right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government. All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations under whatever plausible character with the real design to direct, control, counteract or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of the fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency."

Let loyalty to the Government, and to the flag ever be our watchword and first duty; loyalty always first, trades unions, etc., afterwards.

NEW NORTH.

REINLANDER PRINTING COMPANY.
REINLANDER, - WISCONSIN.

The News Condensed.

Important Intelligence From All Parts.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Regular Session.

After debate for three months and one day the tariff bill, amended to take effect August 1, 1894, passed the senate on the 21 by a vote of 44 to 29—a strict party vote, except Mr. Hill, who voted with the republicans against the measure. The poplulist divided their strength. Kyle and Allen voting in favor of the bill and Under and Stewart against it. The action of the committee on the whole in extending the session of the United States senate and the president of the United States from the operation of the income tax was reversed. Adjourned to the 23d.

The senate was not in session on the 23d. In the house the tariff bill was passed by the senate was reported. A bill to subject to taxation national bank notes and United States treasury notes was discussed, but no action was taken.

In the United States senate no business of importance was transacted on the 23d, and an adjournment was taken until the 25th. In the house the bill for the state of the treasury was passed by a large majority. The day's proceedings were the taking of the tariff bill from the speaker's table and its reference to the committee on ways and means. Several unimportant bills were passed. The evening session was devoted to private pension bills.

The senate was not in session on the 24th. In the house the senate amendments of the tariff bill were disagreed to and the measure sent to conference.

DOMESTIC.

Twenty-four of Hogan's common-law neighbors had an involuntary bath in the Missouri at Omaha, a boat capsizing.

Ten annual convention of the National editorial association opened at Asbury Park, N. J.

Ten visible supply of grain in the United States on the 23d was: Wheat, 51,637,000 bushels; corn, 6,411,000 bushels; oats, 2,577,000 bushels; rye, 257,000 bushels; barley, 59,000 bushels.

James Johnson (colored), charged with committing a criminal assault upon Mrs. William King near Guthrie, Mo., was captured at Hillers Creek, Mo., by a mob and hanged.

All the window glass houses, flint glass houses, sheet mills and most of the iron mills shut down at Pittsburgh, Pa., and as a result nearly 20,000 workmen were idle.

The government receipts for the fiscal year ended June 30 were \$298,900,350; expenditures, \$300,533,539; against receipts of \$353,919,628 and expenditures of \$353,477,931 in the corresponding time in the preceding fiscal year.

Henry Volger, a Syracuse (N. Y.) night watchman, in a fit of jealousy shot and killed William Strutz, a carpenter, and then put a bullet into his own head.

During the ten months ended April 30, 1894, the whole number of immigrants barred from entering the United States was 2,102, of which 1,435 were contract laborers and 667 paupers.

The total national bank circulation in the country on the 1st was \$207,252,307, showing an increase of \$103,625 during June.

B. W. Blanchard, who disappeared from Mentone, Ind., eight years ago, returned. W. J. Studon, charged with his murder, had previously committed suicide in jail.

K. B. Qvaum, a Norwegian farmer at Butler, S. D., became so worried over crop prospects that he cut the throats of his two children and then killed himself.

Frederick Galt, the murderer of Carter H. Harrison, was found to be neither insane nor idiotic by a jury in Judge Payne's court in Chicago and he will be executed on the 18th unless the governor interferes.

Music teachers of the country met in sixteenth annual session at Saratoga, N. Y.

The midwinter fair in San Francisco came to an end. Since the opening day, January 27, the total attendance was 2,140,151.

Nearly the entire town of Hallowell, Mass., was destroyed by fire, the loss being nearly \$750,000.

An explosion of fireworks at New Haven, Conn., caused a loss of \$125,000 by fire among business houses.

By the explosion of gasoline at Louisville, Ky., Henry Zimmerman was fatally hurt, his wife lost her life and their little boy was badly burned.

Mrs. Maggie Braxton in a death-bed confession at Knoxville, Tenn., implicated four men in a murder and robbery that occurred four years ago.

Fire originating in an explosion of fireworks destroyed the greater part of the town of Honey Grove, Tex., the loss being \$200,000.

The jury in the Shea murder trial in Troy, N. Y., returned a verdict of murder in the first degree. Shea killed Robert Ross last election day.

As a result of the increase in the tax on whisky (Cincinnati distillers advanced the price of spirits three cents a gallon.

In a dash at Paterson, N. J., Fred Boyce lowered the quarter-mile bicycle record to 29 1/2 seconds.

At Jeffersonville, Ind., a drunken negro cut the throats of Emmens Endrich and his wife, an aged couple against whom he had a grudge.

In a quarrel at Sheboygan, Wis., August Schulte and Frederick Carl were fatally stabbed.

At the internal revenue office in Peoria, Ill., the record for a single day's business was broken, the amount of whisky tax reaching \$222,100.

Tax exchanges at the leading clearing houses in the United States during the week ended on the 6th aggregated \$502,550,057, against \$761,019,579 the previous week. The decrease, compared with the corresponding week in 1893, was 19.2.

BRIMBLETT'S reports business as partially paralyzed by the strikes. There were 164 business failures in the United States in the seven days ended on the 6th, against 189 the week previous and 219 in the corresponding time in 1893.

Twenty bridges near Hot Springs, S. D., were washed away by a cloudburst, and railroad tracks were badly damaged.

While playing with a gun a 3-year-old child of Benjamin Wyant, of Tiffin, O., shot the top of its head off.

EMIE ALLEN, of St. Paul, who killed John H. Clapp in a quarrel over a woman, ended his life by shooting himself at Lake Minnetonka.

LEE RICHARDSON, of Chicago, aged 13, rode a half mile backward on a bicycle in 2:45 1/3 at Fort Wayne, Ind., the fastest time on record.

Striking miners at Spring Valley, Ill., looted the company's store, carrying away a stock valued at \$40,000.

At Jessup, Ia., a 13-year-old boy was handling a gun when it was discharged, fatally injuring his two younger brothers.

WILLIAM JACKSON (colored) was hanged at Centerville, Md., for the murder of his employer, Farmer George J. Leager.

It was said that Knights of Labor were moving in the matter of securing the impeachment of Attorney General Olney for interference in the strike.

JAMES ALLEN (colored) was hanged in Upper Marlboro, Ind., for assaulting a girl living near Woodmore.

JOHN TIRSWORTH, a Green Ridge (Mo.) farmer, killed his wife by firing four shots into her body, and immediately afterward blew his own brains out.

It was estimated that 75 per cent. of Chicago's factories would have to close on account of the embargo on fuel and supplies.

Anticipating a spread of the strike to that city, New York police have been recalled from vacations and ordered to suppress any attempt at violence.

MEMBERS of the American Railway union in Peoria, Ill., where thirteen railroads center, have refused the order of President Debs to strike.

JOHN GIMBLEY, of Milwaukee, aged about 40 years, was accidentally shot and instantly killed at the boys' brigade camp on Beaver lake.

ANATOLI ONESTOFF, an insurance agent of Cincinnati, was lured into a house and fatally assaulted by a colored family.

FREIGHT shipments eastward from Chicago during the week ended on the 7th were the smallest in thirty years—less than 12,000 tons of all kinds.

The percentages of the baseball clubs in the national league for the week ended on the 7th were: Baltimore, .600; Boston, .683; New York, .637; Philadelphia, .506; Brooklyn, .502; Pittsburgh, .571; Cleveland, .500; Cincinnati, .453; St. Louis, .422; Chicago, .320; Washington, .502; Louisville, .502.

The railroad blockade was complete in California except a few points in the south and vast quantities of fruit were rotting.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND declared martial law in Chicago. All good citizens were warned to keep off the streets, and all persons who take part in riotous assemblages were to be regarded as public enemies.

A CROWD of about 1000, Wash., destroyed nearly every building left standing after the disaster of last May.

A mob of foreign miners looted the stores at Spring Valley and Ladd, Ill., whose proprietors refused to accede to their demands. Many of the residents fled to other cities.

Fire in the Phoenix building at Providence, R. I., did damage to the extent of \$100,000.

By a fall of coal in a slope of the Sasquehanna coal company mine at Nanticoke, Pa., three men were crushed to death.

COL. GEORGE E. GORRARD sailed from New York for England with an invitation to Gladstone to visit America.

KELLY's commonwealthers who seized a freight train were captured by West Virginia militia at Kenora.

DANES placing the Union Pacific, Northern Pacific and Central Pacific roads under military control and instructing commanding officers to use force to prevent interference with trains were issued by President Cleveland.

DR. FREDERICK A. COOK and his party of sixty excursionists sailed from New York on the Miranda for the polar regions.

The factory of the Quick Meal Store company at St. Louis was burned, the loss being \$500,000.

GUSTAVUS PETERS and Clara Christopherson, a young couple of Racine, Wis., ended their lives with poison. They were engaged to be married, and no cause was known for the deed.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDER McDOWELL offered the services of the grand army veterans of Illinois to Gov. Altgeld to aid in suppressing disorder.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

JUDGE JOSHUA RIDDLE, presiding judge of the county court fifty years ago, dropped dead at his home in Wellsville, O., aged 83 years.

WISCONSIN populists nominated a ticket headed by D. Frank Powell, of La Crosse, for governor. The platform declares strikers and boycotts failures, and urges universal cooperation.

NEBRASKA prohibitionists in convention at Lincoln nominated a full state ticket. E. A. Girard was named for governor.

Ex-Gov. EDWIN H. WISANSKY, of Michigan, died from heart disease at his residence near Hamburg, aged 63 years.

In the Nineteenth Illinois district the populists nominated Rev. H. M. Brooks for congress.

JAMES SULLIVAN, aged 41, political editor of the Chicago Tribune, died suddenly in the parlors of the Newspaper club, of which he was president.

KANSAS democrats in session at Topeka put a full ticket in the field, headed by David Obermeyer, of Topeka, for governor.

The Michigan populists in convention at Lansing placed a full ticket in the field, headed by Dr. A. W. Nicholls, of Montcalm, for governor.

EDWIN C. BINGHAM, of Cheshire, was nominated for governor by the Connecticut populists.

THOMAS SLANT and Mrs. Elizabeth Eggman were married at Washington, Ill., the groom being 52 and the bride 50. Each had been married twice before.

FOREIGN.

PRESIDENT CASIMIR PERIER's message was read in both branches of the French parliament. He declared for a single term.

MANY lives were lost and great destruction of property caused by an earthquake at Yokohama and Tokio, Japan.

A THOUSAND rebels were killed in a battle with Brazilian government troops.

A FERRYBOAT which was crossing the River Thiss near Tokay, Hungary, was capsized and 100 persons were drowned.

A FIRE destroyed over 1,000 houses in the village of Honnara, Japan.

NEWSPAPERS in Rome disclose a plot by anarchists to destroy the heads of several European governments.

The wholesale grocery firm of Eby, Blain & Co. at Toronto, Ont., which annually turned over \$1,500,000 worth of business, was forced to wind up.

TWELVE THOUSAND square meters of workshops at Saint-Ouen-sur-Seine, France, were destroyed by fire, the damage amounting to several million francs.

In the house of lords a bill was introduced calculated to bar anarchists out of England.

EX-PRESIDENT ARCE of Bolivia, was assassinated, and his body horribly mutilated by his murderers.

THE American schooner Henry L. Phillips was seized by the dominion authorities for alleged violation of the fishery treaty.

A. A. ZIMMERMAN, the American wheelman, beat Edwards, the English rider, in two match races in Paris.

In a twenty-four hour bicycle race at Putney, England, H. R. Carter, of London, won, covering 423 miles.

LATER.

The Strike.

CHICAGO, July 10.—A meeting was held which lasted all night, closing yesterday morning, at which delegates from all the labor unions were present and the decision was reached that in case the strike was not settled by 4 p. m. today to call out all of the labor unions in the city.

The call will embrace all branches of workmen. Debs, Sovereign and McBride were present and made speeches advocating the movement. It is understood, however, that a number of the unions will not be bound by the order.

The postal authorities reported today that there was less interference with the mails than any day since the strike began.

Yesterday a committee consisting of four laborers and three representatives of the labor unions called upon Vice President Wilkes, of the Pullman company, asking for a conference between the representatives of the employees and the Pullman company. This was mildly but daily refused.

Yesterday was a comparatively quiet day in the city, there being no conflict of any account between the rioters and the armed forces on duty.

An immense labor meeting which had been arranged for last night drew a big crowd. In accordance with a notice from Mayor Hopkins the meeting was not held.

WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

Wisconsin Populists.

In convention at Milwaukee the populists made the following nominations: For governor, D. Frank Powell, of La Crosse; lieutenant governor, Frank H. Smock, of Monroe; secretary of state, M. P. Larrabee, of Chippewa Falls; state treasurer, G. Scherzinger, of Fond du Lac; attorney general, Carl Klange, of Milwaukee; superintendent of public instruction, John Ulrich, of Milwaukee; railroad commissioner, M. F. Lister, of St. Albans; state insurance commissioner, H. E. Stable, of Manitowish.

The platform charges the old parties with being equally responsible for the existing state of affairs. The tariff question, it holds, has little relation to the present condition, inasmuch as total tariff duties collected amount to less than three dollars per capita per annum. Strikes and boycotts, it says, like wars and other violent methods of settling disputes, though often necessary, always result in great harm and injury to all concerned and could be entirely abolished under a system of universal cooperation. It also demands that the state furnish a uniform system of text books to pupils of the public schools at cost of production, and that public authorities furnish employment to all who need it at reasonable wages, and that convict labor be utilized in the manufacture of binding twine to be furnished to consumers at cost.

The Dumb Made to Speak.

Mary A. O'Brien, of Janesville, an invalid for twenty-nine years, unable to leave her bed for seventeen years, and almost dumb for fourteen years, now gets up, walks and talks amiably. Faith is said to have worked a miracle in her case. She prayed frequently for relief. Rev. A. W. Welch and Rev. U. Develier, evangelists, went to her house and prayed for her relief and on the third day relief came. Miss O'Brien spoke, then straightened out her feet, and with a joyful cry of "Jesus" arose and walked about her room. The next evening she held an impromptu prayer-meeting on her front porch.

Tried to Kill His Wife.

Joe Seymour, gambler, attempted to kill his wife at the Tremont house in Phillips. He fired five shots at her, following her out of the sitting-room into the passageway between the Tremont house and Rasmussen's grocery and into the barroom of the hotel. None of the shots took effect, but Seymour hit her on the head with the gun, inflicting a scalp wound. Threats of lynching were made, but the presence of officers prevented.

Two Counterfeiters Captured.

At the small town of Drummond, in Bayfield county, were discovered two counterfeiters. Their business was ostensibly to have a good time fishing and hunting at a lake near by. A large amount of spurious coin and a complete outfit for its manufacture were found. The men when arrested gave their names as Joseph White and John Tossey.

The News Condensed.

Andrew Kolstitt, a Chippewa Falls tailor, was drowned while bathing.

A. L. Darling, postmaster at Brownsville, is dead.

Lightning followed a barbed wire fence round an Excelsior pasture. A number of stock were killed.

Carl Fossum, a farm hand, was killed in a runaway near Afton.

The death of Mrs. William La Pointe, at the age of almost 90 years, took away one of the oldest residents of Bayfield.

The democratic state convention will be held in Milwaukee September 5.

A receiver was demanded for the Madison Street Railway company.

The Wisconsin board of health has decided that admission to public schools should not be denied any pupil who showed signs of repeated vaccination, whether successfully inoculated or not.

The Janesville carriage works completed a wagon cage in which a stockton (Ill.) man will exhibit the largest steer on earth. His height is 6 feet 10 inches and weight an even 4,000 pounds.

Victor Castogney was killed at Coleman. He was crossing the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul track when he slipped and fell under a moving freight train.

Thomas Luchsinger, of Monroe, has been appointed by the governor state dairy and food commissioner, vice D. L. Harkness, deceased.

A 4-year-old son of Sophia Crow, an Indian woman of Marinette, lost a foot under a train while trying to save a pet dog from being run over.

A 5-year-old daughter of John Ryan, a farmer living near Watertown, was strangled to death by getting her head caught in the spokes of a wagon wheel.

John H. Searles, mayor of Boscobel, died at the age of 63 years.

A 6-year-old little girl living near Arcadia died from the effects of sunstroke.

Wisconsin Knights of Pythias have decided to erect a new temple in Milwaukee to cost \$200,000.

James W. Duganther, president of the Midland Maze Milling company in Milwaukee, made an assignment.

H. S. Byrce, of East Troy, has a two-horse machine for setting out cabbage plants. It is so constructed as to throw a generous supply of water upon every plant as set. Mr. Byrce has recently set out 40,000 plants.

F. F. Pierson, of Janesville, hired a swarm of bees that had settled on the wheel of a wagon.

The wife of Sheriff Curran at Wautoma prevented three prisoners from escaping, but two managed to elude her.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Mock Waffles: Dip evenly-cut slices of light bread in milk for a few minutes. Brown them well on both sides on a buttered griddle or in a pan. When done spread with butter and sprinkle sugar and nutmeg over each piece. Lay the slices in a pile and keep hot until served.—Home and Farm.

—Lemon Vinegar Pie: Four well beaten eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of water, one cup of cider vinegar, a small lump of butter, two table-spoons of lemon extract. Thicken the eggs while beating with two table-spoons of flour and mix all together. Bake with a bottom crust only.—Farm Field and Fireside.

—Fish to be fried should be laid in a cloth to lose some of its moisture, then floured well. Those kinds which are liable to break must be dipped into beaten eggs, then into crumbs. The fat in which fish is fried, whether it be lard, dripping, oil or butter, must be very hot. All fried fish should be decorated with fried or raw parsley.—The Home.

—A Gelatin Pudding: Dissolve an ounce of gelatin in three pints of cold milk, let it heat slowly, stirring often. When dissolved and almost boiling add yolks of six eggs well beaten and seven table-spoons powdered sugar. Do not let it boil. Stir in the whites beaten stiff and remove immediately from the fire. Flavor with vanilla, turn into molds previously wet in cold water and set in a cool place until next day.—Home and Farm.

—Graham Mush: Put four quarts fresh water in a kettle to boil, salt to suit the taste; when it begins to boil stir in one and one-half quarts good graham meal, letting it sift through the fingers slowly to prevent lumps until as thick as can be stirred with a spoon. It is delicious fried when cold; slicing to one-half inch thickness, lay in hot fat and fry a delicate brown on each side. The mush can be eaten either warm or cold in good, sweet milk and is also good with sweetened milk or cream.—Rural New Yorker.

—Baked Salmon: Select a thick piece of salmon and put it in the baking-dish. Add half a cup of water and a teaspoonful of lemon-juice. Cover the pan with another the same size, and bake in the oven for half an hour. Place the salmon on a hot platter. Rub a heaping table-spoonful of butter and one of flour together to a cream. Add gradually one cup or half a pint of boiling milk. Stir over the fire until it thickens. Take from the fire, add a table-spoonful of minced parsley, the crumbled yolk of two hard-boiled eggs, a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne. Serve the salmon garnished with potato balls and the sauce in a boat.—Boston Budget.

—An Ox-Tongue Delicacy: Ox-tongue is delicious cooked in this way. The process ought to be very slow and gentle. Choose an ox-tongue that has been pickled. Put it into boiling water for a minute or two, remove it and strip off the skin; cook it in a braising pan for about two hours, take it up and cut it down the center half way through. Lard it with pickled lemons or gherkins and narrow strips from a stick of cinnamon. Put into a clean stewpan a lump of sugar, and when it has melted add half a pint of good gravy. Lay in the tongue; cover closely and set it over the fire. Let it remain until it is thoroughly incorporated with the flavor of these ingredients, but do not let it burn. Put it on a hot dish, with hillocks of horseradish and tufts of parsley neatly arranged around it. Serve with a sauce made as follows: Put into a small enameled saucepan a lump of butter the size of a filbert, well rolled in flour. When it is thoroughly heated add one-quarter pound currant jelly.—Farm and Fireside.

What Can Be Done With Eggs.

Here are some of the emergency uses of eggs. They can be used as a substitute for paste or mullage to seal a letter or a jar of jelly. The white will allay the smart of a burn if bound upon it excluding the air. Half a dozen eggs given immediately after an emetic will render convulsive sublimation harmless. The white beaten and swallowed will dislodge a fish bone from the throat. And if a mustard plaster be mixed with the white of egg instead of water no blister will follow the application of the plaster. Speaking of eggs, it is a fresh egg that will sink and a bad one that will swim. Everybody knows that a good egg will do one and a bad egg the other, but for some reason it seems difficult to remember which does which. The reason a fresh egg sinks in water is because of the water in its own composition. Another test of a thoroughly fresh egg is the distinctness with which the yolk may be seen when the egg is held up to the light.—Philadelphia Press.

Some New Trimmings.

Narrow black velvet ribbon overlaid with extra fine lace is a pretty dress trimming. Cream lace is used as well on serge and sacking dresses as on satin. Velvet overlaid with extra insertion is common on crepon dresses, green being the color used in one effective model. Suits made with tulle and buttons have the mock buttonholes outlined with tulle. White embroidery and black satin ribbons are the trimmings used on a dark blue crepon. Silken muslin crepe lace, mousseline de soie, figured lace, spangled tulle and Liberty satin are some of the gauzy fabrics found as trimmings on the latest imported designs. Black silk muslin and jet are by far the most desirable accessories for black and white silks.—Chicago Tribune.

Narrow Toast.

Narrow toast is a cheap and appetizing dish. For a few cents the butcher will give you a lot of marrow bones. Take the marrow out as unbaked as possible, cut it into bits and boil for just one minute in salted water, which must be boiling when the marrow is put in. Drain, place in a sauce pan with salt, pepper, chopped parsley and the juice of a lemon. Keep this hot and make toast and spread the marrow on it.—N. Y. World.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

A DEVILISH measuring 30 feet across was caught recently in the inlet at Vancouver, B. C.

THE Texas court of appeals has decided that the laws prohibiting prize fighting in that state are null and void. The only penalty that prize fighters can be subjected to is a small fine for assault and battery.

CORONASSIAN TOM JONSON weighs 250 pounds and is a terror to bicycle owners. He broke down three bicycles and exhausted an attendant in taking his first lesson in riding, but before the lesson was over he rode around the ring with the ease of a practised bicyclist.

A FREXON bicyclist has just crossed the Alps, by the Mont Cenis pass, on his bicycle. The weather was unfavorable and the road was made slippery by snow and rain. The trip was an incident of a journey on the wheel from Rome to Paris.

A "MAHER" in South Amboy, N. J., thought he had fallen up against the pitcher of the local ball nine when he attempted, the other night, to kiss Miss Hattie Frazer of that town. It has since been explained to him that she is one of the best boxers in the place.

Only one European sovereign will celebrate this year his silver wedding, namely, King Charles of Roumania, who has attained his fiftieth year. It is doubtful whether there will be any great national rejoicings in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage, for it can scarcely be said to have been one of much happiness, and, according to the New York Recorder, it is questionable whether the queen will be able to return to Bucharest for the event. Considerable mystery prevails as to her real condition of health, as no one outside the immediate members of her family are allowed to see her, and all that is known regarding her is the stereotyped announcements issued by her mother and by the members of the latter's household, stating that she is improving. She is, however, kept from public view—to all intents and purposes under restraint—and an impression prevails that if she is not mentally afflicted, she is at any rate treated as being so by her relatives.

The Sea Otter.

The southern otter is still hunted in Florida for the sake of his fur, although it is inferior in quality to that of the sea otter of Oregon and Alaska. So persistent has been the pursuit of the sea otter in the far northwest that the animal has become extremely scarce. The common otter of the south is an expert fisherman, and he is found only near watercourses or lakes. It is the East Indian otter that has been taught to drive fish into nets as an aid to human fishermen.

I Can't Sleep.

I have a tired, worn-out feeling. This means that the nervous system is out of order. When this complaint is made, Hood's Sarsaparilla is needed to purify and vitalize the blood, and thus supply nervous strength. Take it now. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness.

BIG FOUR ROUTE.

TO ALL POINTS SOUTH AND SOUTHEAST.

HOT SPRINGS, Va.

WHITE SULPHUR.

OLD POINT COMFORT.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

BEST LINE TO CINCINNATI.

—ASK FOR TICKETS VIA—

BIG FOUR ROUTE.

E. O. MCCORMICK, Passenger Traffic Manager.

D. B. MARTIN, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

CINCINNATI, O.

W. L. DOUGLAS.

\$3 SHOE.

IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

55, CORDOVAN, FRENCH ENAMELED CALF.

\$4.50 FINE CALF & KID.

\$3.50 POLICE 3 SOLES.

\$2.50 2 WORKMANS.

EXTRA FINE.

THE GREAT STRIKE.

Serious Aspect of Affairs in Chicago and the Country Generally.

Federal Authorities Arrived Against the Mobsters—Series of Violence and Arrests—Fatal Conflicts with the Regulars—Mob Rife at Hammond, Ind.

REGULARS ORDERED OUT.

CHICAGO, July 6.—Gen. Miles left Washington Tuesday morning, and on Wednesday reached Chicago. He says that should the regulars be compelled to fire the loss of life would be appalling. The first detachment of regulars reached the Union stock yards at 6 o'clock Wednesday morning.

Warlike scenes were enacted between Halsted street and Center avenue all day. A gang of strikers and residents of that region numbering more than a thousand threatened violence to a crew of Nelson Morris men that was engaged in re-icing a train of beef that the Lake Shore road failed to pull out. The policemen detailed were unable to cope with the elements encountered, and a detachment of twenty-four infantrymen in command of Lieut. Mitchell were hurried to the scene by Capt. Hartz. The crowd howled in derision at the troops, but no further threats were made. Dozens of times soldiers stood with their rifles to their shoulders, their fingers on the triggers, waiting for the word to fire. Strikers were hemmed against box cars with the points of the bayonets pressed against their breasts, and to the prudence of the soldiers alone do they owe their escape from death.

Debs on the Situation.

President Debs, of the American Railway union, said Wednesday that he fully appreciated the gravity of the situation and the responsibility that devolved upon the organization. He said, however, that the officials of the American Railway union had in no way been responsible for the bringing of troops to Chicago or any other point, and while he deplored the present condition of affairs he disclaimed all responsibility on that score. In answer to an inquiry as to whether in his opinion there was any way of avoiding a conflict, he said there was, and he did not think a conflict would take place. He rather thought there would be a settlement of the strike, and that through it peace and quiet would be restored. He said he had positive information that numerous stockholders in the railroads entering Chicago had determined that the time had arrived for them to step in and demand of the general managers that they stop their present course and take steps to bring the strike to a close. This is what he thought would be done.

The Mob Victorious.

CHICAGO, July 7.—Chief Deputy Marshal Donnelly, backed by a force of regular soldiers, attempted to get a train of cattle out of the stock yards. The strikers came out victorious, and four hours after the start the cattle were returned to the yards and unloaded.

Battle for a Train.

Union Stock Yards, Ill., July 7.—At 10 o'clock a. m. the Michigan Central attempted to run out a live stock train of seventeen cars. This move was opposed by a mob of nearly 8,000 men and boys. The police, unable to command the situation, sent to Dexter park for the United States troops. Two companies were sent, but were insufficient. At 11 o'clock troops B and K of the Seventh cavalry and light battery E of the First artillery with three guns responded.

The Gatling guns were placed in a position so that they commanded a clear space on the tracks for three blocks. At 11:45 the train started under a military escort. The strikers again obstructed it by overturning three box cars on the tracks. This obstruction was removed. The cavalry led the way while the infantry strung out in Indian file alongside the entire length of the train. The train was again stalled, and the troops charged the crowd with bayonets.

Attacked a Train.

The mob of strikers and sympathizers which had been derailing cars in the stock yards district, after successfully stalling the Michigan Central freight train on Fortieth street, proceeded to the Pittsburgh & Fort Wayne tracks at Fortieth street where they held up an incoming train, compelled all passengers to leave the cars and then dragged the engineer and fireman from the cab. They then broke all the glass in the cab and derailed the engine. The mob then ran up to Fortieth and Clark streets and set fire to the Lake Shore signal house. All this time the United States troops were up at Halsted street guarding the Michigan Central train.

Fought Its Way Through.

Fighting every inch of way, the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad brought three passenger trains through from Blue Island Thursday. Bayonets, revolvers and police clubs were used against the mobs which at times filled the right of way, and the mob fought back by overturning freight cars in front of the line of trains.

Between Fifty-first street and Twenty-fifth street over twenty-five box cars were thrown across the tracks, for the mob ran ahead and upset the cars faster than the railroad officials could clear the tracks. The train left Blue Island at 9:20 o'clock in the morning and arrived at the Rock Island depot at 7:15 o'clock in the evening, using over ten hours in traveling less than 16 miles.

Driving Out Tower Men.

A mob numbering 1,000 started on its way north towards the center of the city and drove all the tower and signal men out of the towers on all the roads leading to the Polk street depot and the Fort Wayne road which paralleled them. The men went out without exception. Another large gang started for the Rock Island and Lake Shore tracks to order out the signal and tower men of those roads.

Troops are located at the point where these mobs started from but did nothing to prevent their leaving as they claimed they had to give their attention to getting out the Michigan Central train.

The Situation.

CHICAGO, July 9.—Gov. Altgeld on Friday ordered out the First and Third brigades of the militia to report to Mayor Hopkins to aid in suppressing riots. The militia were wanted for police duty, therefore the mayor turned it over to the police officials.

Available Force in the City. Three hundred extra policemen have been sworn in, increasing the police force to 2,500. There are in the neighborhood of 1,000 deputy United States marshals in active service, and half that number of deputy sheriffs. The Leavenworth regulars, 300 strong, and those from Fort Brady, 150 strong, arrived Friday morning. The force available in the city Friday night was therefore roughly as follows:

Police	2,500
Deputy U. S. Marshals	1,000
Deputy Sheriffs	500
Leavenworth Regulars	300
Fort Brady Regulars	150
Total	4,450

Detachments of the regulars did service in several parts of the South side, but maintained their camp on the lake front as a reserve.

Daily Losses of the Roads.

At the meeting of the General Managers' association reports of daily losses to the different roads were submitted. The sum total is appalling, but the managers say if it were ten times greater they still would stay in the fight to the end. Here is a table showing what the railroad companies are losing each day:

Chicago & Alton	\$16
Baltimore & Ohio	8
Chicago & North Western	14
Atchafalaya, Topoka & Santa Fe	9
Chicago & Central	9
Chicago & Calumet Terminal	20
Chicago & Northern Pacific	20
Chicago & Burlington	13
Chicago & Eastern Illinois	13
Illinois Central	30
Nickel Plate	4
Chicago & Great Northern	12
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul	12
Fors. Wayne (and Pan Handle)	12
Wabash	12
Chicago & Rock Island	11
Chicago & Rock Island	11
Maple Leaf	11
Monon	11
Total	\$24

The Lewis Hardware Company.

Building Materials, Gasoline Stoves and Refrigerators Cheaper than the Cheapest.

THE SECRET.

"Success required not something new
To win applause and recognition,
But doing that which others do
Beyond their range of competition."

THAT'S WHAT WE DO

We are not like the hind wheel of a wagon.

Always Following in an old Rut,

But we are Pushers, always striving for a still larger Business.

We are not Simply "DEALERS IN DRUGS," but we are

PRACTICAL PHARMACISTS,

And our Care, Skill and Precision in Dispensing Insures our Customers the Best Possible Results and Guarantees them against errors.

WHO FILLS YOUR

Prescriptions and Family Receipts

We make a Specialty of this Department.

WE MAKE NO CHARGE FOR DELIVERING GOODS.

Prescriptions left at our Pharmacy by your physician or sent to us will receive our best attention, and the medicine will be promptly sent to your home.

DON'T BLAME THE PHYSICIAN

If medicine prescribed by him does not have the desired Effect. Results are generally prompt and satisfactory when reliable drugs are used.

DRUGS OF EXTRA PURITY A SPECIALTY!

All Drugs and Medicines used in Prescriptions, or sold are of the Best Quality.

STANDARD PATENT MEDICINES

in stock also a large stock of the

Finest American and Imported Perfumes.

TOILET SOAPS, and

TOILET ARTICLES

Palace Drug Store.

A. H. MARKS & CO.

RHINELANDER, WIS.

CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE.

"Here's one alternative," said Iran gravely when he had overcome the shock of this accident. "We may find out where we are, get some sort of a map, make our way to the frontier on foot, and so escape."

"Why, certainly. It sounds as if there were something in that," said Gordon.

"Not much, I am afraid. The difficulties are enormous, especially with the winter upon us. The chance of running the blockade is very small indeed."

"Any chance is better than none at all. Come, my dear girl, this will reconcile you to leaving us."

"Not at all. Why shouldn't I go with you? Do you think I am selfish, after all we've gone through together?" I asked, my eyes filling with tears.

"Heaven forbid I should do you that injustice. But these difficulties you hear our friend speaking of—remember you are only a girl, though quite as brave as the best of us."

"I won't hinder you. You shall never hear me complain," I urged.

"I have not the slightest doubt that mademoiselle could face all that we may encounter and be a help, as she certainly would be a comfort to us," said Iran, with more courtesy and kindness than he had yet shown me. "But there is one serious objection. This journey must occupy months, and during that time we are doing nothing to save Taras."

My heart sank within me in shame. I had forgotten Taras—Heaven forgive me!—for the moment.

"At any moment Kavanagh may receive orders to silence Taras. The production of that statute would inevitably lead to the order being given. When it is given, Kavanagh will obey it ruthlessly."

"I will go to him," said I, as eagerly as I had prayed to stay with Gordon the minute before.

"It is advisable to look well at that before you decide," said Iran. "It is by no means certain that you will reach London. Schenyl, with the greatest incentive to get you through, may fail. Some trusted confidant may think it advisable to betray him; some jealous official may be dissatisfied with his bribe. In that case you lose all hope of seeing Taras again. If you are arrested on the road, you will never see this friend again. You will be banished or kept in prison where no tidings of you will ever reach us, or word from us reach you."

"No matter," said I. "I will venture anything, everything, to save Taras."

"It is advisable that you should go—if we can arrange the affair with Schenyl for the sake of Taras and for your own well." He added, turning to Gordon, "You have money?"

"At my bankers' in London."

"They would pay a certain sum to your order?"

"I haven't checked book, but I suppose that is not necessary. An order with my signature would be met all right."

"Schenyl deals in furs. He has an agent in London—Hound-ditch, I think he called the part. Your order could be made payable to him. On receipt of the money he could telegraph a word or two—such as 'Sendables' or any other phrase agreed upon—to Schenyl, who would then find means to get us across the frontier."

"By Jupiter, that's it! Why on earth didn't you suggest this at first, old fellow. Instead of proposing a scheme that would take years to work out!"

"We are venturing upon treacherous ground, and every step must be sound. It's a waste of time to be in a hurry."

"You have wasted no time, at any rate. You seem to have thought of everything and got your plan all cut and dried."

"Schenyl gave me plenty of time to think," observed Iran dryly.

"You see how it is to be done?" said Gordon, addressing me in great excitement.

"Yes. When shall I go?"

"Nothing is certain," observed Iran. "It may take several days to bring Schenyl to terms, but I think the prospect of gain will tempt him."

"He shall have as much as he asks to take us to Berlin, and twice as much the day we reach London," said Gordon.

"I hope you will not let him know that. If we excite his cupidity, he may keep us dawdling here for an age in the hope of getting a ransom that you—even you—cannot pay. He is subtle and must be dealt with subtly. That is why I did not take you with me to sound him upon the business."

"Oh, I shall be cooler tomorrow. This awful good luck has turned my head."

"There is one thing, mademoiselle," said Iran, with grave composure, undisturbed by any emotion imparted by the prospect of escape. "One thing which you should bear in mind from the very first—Kavanagh must not know that you are in London. If he finds that you are in London, he will silence Taras to earn his wages from the police and try to save him self from the pursuing vengeance of our society."

"I understand you," said I. "He shall not know that I am in London."

"He must not even suspect it, and for that reason you must avoid seeing Taras."

"Yes," I said, after a struggle, "I will promise that."

"I have a friend in Berlin—an artist—whose skill in disguising the face and figure has saved more than one of us from the police. You shall have a letter to him, and he will help you to conceal your identity. We shall have time to go into that tomorrow."

He was silent for a moment, then drawing a deep breath and smiling for the first time he added:

"I think we may hope now."

"Hope?" exclaimed Gordon. "Why, I have been choking with it this last quarter of an hour! If I only had a pipe of tobacco now!"

"I thought you were a smoker," said Iran Dostremember, drawing a bag of tobacco from his pocket and putting it in Gordon's hand.

"God bless you, old fellow! You forget nothing."

CHAPTER XXXVIII
LETTERS TO LONDON.

After raising innumerable objections and creating delays with a view to exciting higher terms, Schenyl at length accepted Iran Dostremember's offer, but the agreement being made he lost no time in preparing for my flight.

He had a daughter who had been for some time ill with a skin complaint common to the Russian peasantry, and it was

arranged that he should take me to St. Petersburg under the pretense that I was this daughter going there for medical treatment, and so, early one morning, in a peasant's dress, the lower part of my face caked with paste, stained in part with saffron and cochineal, I took my place in Schenyl's sledge and bade "goodby" to Gordon and Iran Dostremember. Schenyl tucked me in the wraps suitable to an invalid, and having given another touch to the paste on my face declared gleefully that I could not look better if I were dying of the pest.

"If that don't satisfy the police, I don't know what will," said he, looking back at me as he took his seat, with great satisfaction. "One glance at that face will be enough for them. They won't dare to open her papers for fear of infection."

"You have your daughter's papers, of course," said Iran.

Schenyl winked, nodded and patted his breast.

"And you yours?" Iran added, addressing me. These papers were Gordon's order for 200 pounds, a letter from Schenyl to his correspondent in London, and a note from Iran to his friend in Berlin, all carefully imbedded in a box of ointment which I carried in my hand. I nodded assent.

"Then God speed you!" he exclaimed.

"Farewell, dear little woman," cried Gordon.

"Farewell," I answered as stoutly as I could, and the next minute I lost sight of them.

Schenyl successfully overcame all the difficulties that beset us and left me at the first station in Germany, whence I proceeded to Berlin without further question. At Berlin I found Iran Dostremember's friend, Carl Hoffman, and delivered the letter addressed to him. He introduced me to his wife, a bright, intelligent woman, and they held a long consultation on the subject.

"The great thing," said he, going to the window, "is to choose a disguise that is the least likely to attract notice. Come here, mademoiselle, and tell me what people passing along over the way seem to you most remarkable—most un-English."

I pointed out six or eight of the persons. Presently he said:

"You have not noticed the thin, tall old lady waiting at the corner for the tram. She is walking this way now. Do you see people like that in a London street?"

"Yes, many," I replied.

"Now see if you can walk across the room with her gait."

I imitated the walk and posture of a woman bent with age as well as I could.

"Famous!" exclaimed Mrs. Hoffman.

"Yes, I think that will do," said her husband.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Low Rates to Colorado.

On July 21st and 22nd the North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Pueblo and Colorado Springs and return at exceedingly low rates; good for return passage until August 25th, inclusive. For tickets and full information apply to Agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

J.W.

ATTORNEYS.

ALLAN & BARNES,
Attorneys at Law.
Collection promptly attended to.
Office over Spafford & Cole's.

MILLER & MACORMICK,
Attorneys at Law.
Collection promptly attended to.
Office over National Bank.

L. J. BILLINGS,
Attorney & Counselor.
Rhineland, Wis.

DILLETT & WALKER,
Attorneys at Law.
Office on Davenport Street.
Rhineland, Wis.

PAUL BROWNE,
Attorney at Law.
Collection a Specialty.
Rhineland, Wis.

A. W. SHELTON,
Attorney at Law.
Special attention paid to business law and contracts.
Rhineland, Wis.

PHYSICIANS.

T. B. MCINDOE,
Physician & Surgeon.
Office over Brown and Davenport streets.
Rhineland, Wis.

H. C. KEITH,
Physician & Surgeon.
Office in Brown's Block.
Rhineland, Wis.

F. L. HINMAN,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office in Apple & Hinman's Drug Store.
Night calls from residence, S. W. Corner Court House Square.
Rhineland, Wisconsin.

FINANCIAL.

MERCHANTS STATE BANK,
Capital \$50,000. Surplus \$15,000.
Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Exchange Street.
Rhineland, Wis.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
of Rhineland.
Capital and Surplus \$80,000.
Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Bank Corner Davenport and Stevens Street.

Spafford & Cole.



Shoes and Slippers seem to be the strongest department in our general stock. They are all prices and almost all kinds and almost without number. The only reason we keep cheap goods is to match snide competition. Our specialty is on custom work. Shoes that we guarantee in make and material. Shoes that we give you a new pair for in case anything is poor about them. Such shoes as C. P. Ford & Co.'s, McClure and Eggart, John Kelly and C. M. Henderson & Co.'s make. Shoes that give you entire satisfaction in style, fit and wear. Last week we opened six hundred pairs of shoes, embracing the most stylish women's and children's shoes in Rhineland.

Spafford & Cole.

GOLDEN EAGLE BARBER SHOP

Fuller House Block.
J. H. LEWIS, Proprietor.
All work in the tonsorial line done satisfactorily.
Ladies' Hair Dressing a Specialty.

THE NORTHWESTERN Chloride of Gold Institute.

Is the only Institute in this immediate section licensed to use the famous Chloride of Gold Cure. The terms are reasonable and a cure absolutely guaranteed. Call on or address,
DR. H. C. KEITH,
Rhineland, Wis.

HENRY HEYN & CO.,

DEALERS IN
Hard and Soft Wood,
Lime,
Brick,
Hair,
CEMENT, STUCCO,
Plastering Hair and
Building Material.
Warehouse near N-W Depot.

AMY'S WEDDING GIFT.



it his sacred duty to fulfill. He was a conscientious boy and had been a good son.

"Your father," the dying woman said, "took one thousand dollars from Seth Manning, of whom you have often heard me speak. He is a hard man, treating those less fortunate than himself coldly and superciliously. But that was not the slightest excuse for your father's dishonesty. Mr. Manning never even suspected his guilt. I have tried during all the years of my widowhood to earn the stolen money and restore it. I found it utterly impossible to do so, for it took all I could earn to support myself and you in even the humblest way. But you are young and strong and brave. Bert, dear, if you want me to rest quietly in my grave, you will strive to return that money."

He made the promise without any misgivings, too young to realize how severe the task might be. He was naturally gay and happy, and what upon some shoulders would have been a very heavy burden rested lightly and easily on his. He expected to work hard and was determined to spend no more money upon himself than was absolutely necessary. He tried to find a better situation, and after a few months his perseverance was rewarded. He lived quite as simply as before, managing to save one hundred and fifty dollars or more every year.

When Bert was about twenty-one years old he was walking one day in the street, carrying a valuable vase home to its purchaser. Suddenly he heard a great noise and outcry, and as he turned a corner he saw a dog, his mouth covered with foam, just ready to spring upon a young girl, who stood as if paralyzed with fear. The vase was large and heavy, and without a moment's hesitation Bert threw it at the dog's head. It stunned the creature for a few moments, and before he could spring up again two policemen attacked him with their clubs and soon all danger was over. When Bert picked up his vase he saw with a sickening heart that the handle was broken. He sighed, involuntarily.

"Will you have to pay for that?" asked the girl.

"Yes, I think so," he replied, gravely.

"How much will it be?"

"Twenty-five dollars, at the very least."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" she exclaimed. "You did it for me—and I am not worth it."

"You must not say that," he answered, approvingly. "What is this thing compared with the life of a human being? Think of your mother."

"I have no mother."

"Your sister, then, or brother?"

"I have neither—nor relative of any kind."

"No one?"

"No. So you see my life cannot be of much consequence, although I thank you for saving it."

"I am all alone, too," Bert said.

"We ought to be friends."

"How can we be?" she asked, sadly.

"Do I look like a rascal?" he demanded, in his brusque, impetuous way.

"No," she replied, gazing straight into the big, honest eyes. "I wish you were my brother. If you will let me help you to pay for that vase, broken on my account, I shall be very glad. I can give you ten dollars now, that I have saved."

"What were you saving it for?"

"To buy a winter cloak; but I can wear my old one."

"No, you cannot. Do you think I would deprive you of a garment you really need? Nice brother I should be!"

The acquaintance did not end here. Amy Billings painted little pictures for an art store. They showed no great taste or talent, yet they sold, as such things do sell, in a way that seems unaccountable. Doing fancy work besides, she managed to supply her simple daily wants. The poor woman with whom she boarded took a great interest in the desolate child, befriending her in many ways.

Very soon Bert did what young men who are in no position to marry are almost certain to do. He fell in love, and with little Amy. It must have been from pure pity in the first place, for the girl was neither pretty nor especially attractive. Constant care and anxiety had taken the color from her cheek and the glad brightness from her eyes. But the expression of her face was sweet and gentle, and her smile was like sunshine, the more charming, perhaps, on account of its purity, for she was usually grave, even to sadness. Bert was always delighted if he succeeded in bringing a merry look into her face for even a moment.

"You poor little thing," he exclaimed one day. "I would like to take you in my arms and carry you off where you would always dress in satin and live on nightingales' tongues."

"You are a dear, good Bert," she said, "but I would rather have nuns to wear sometimes, and I should prefer a generous slice of roast beef to the nightingales' tongues." And it made his heart fairly dance to hear a genuine laugh ripple from her lips.

A short time after this Bert made a sudden declaration of his love, with all his natural impetuosity and eagerness. But Amy looked so astonished and startled that his conscience smote him and he cried:

"I am a brute, Amy dear, to frighten

you so. You need not marry me if you do not want to. I take it all back, every bit of it."

Then, womanlike, she looked so sadly disappointed that he commenced delightfully at the very beginning and said each word over again, even more earnestly and impetuously than before. But by this time Amy had become quite reconciled to the impassioned phrases, and was neither surprised nor frightened. Indeed, she seemed to consider them very satisfactory. Of course they were engaged, and gradually the pretty color returned to the young girl's cheek and the light to her eyes. The kind widow rejoiced in these evidences of happiness, and in the prospect of a brighter future for her gentle favorite.

Yet Bert, although at times he could not resist buying a pretty, inexpensive trinket for the girl he loved, still put aside money every year toward the debt he had solemnly promised to pay.

When he and Amy became engaged he had six hundred dollars in the bank; and soon afterward his weekly salary was raised from twelve to fifteen dollars. Amy clasped her hands in delight when she heard the welcome news, but she would not listen to Bert's proposal that they should be married right away.

"No, no," she said. "You must pay that debt before we can think of marriage. Your mother would not smile upon me from above if I consented to add another burden to the one you already have to bear."

"You would not be a burden, Amy," he cried. "You are the dearest, sweetest."

He finished the sentence in the way that is usually very convincing. It did not convince little Amy, however, for she could be very firm at times.

It took more than a year to make up the necessary amount, but oh, how happy they were when it was accomplished!

"Now your mother will smile in heaven," Amy said, tenderly, to her lover.

"And I have taught you, my darling," he replied, "to smile on earth."

That was, indeed, the truth, for she looked very little like the pale, sad Amy he had first seen. Her face was round, her cheeks brightly tinted and her eyes sparkled with health and happiness. No medicine in the world could ever have effected what love had so easily and naturally done.

When Robert was shown one morning into Mr. Manning's office, the grim lawyer's greeting was not an encouraging one.

"Well, young man," he demanded, "do you want anything? Speak quick, as my time is valuable."

"Perhaps you remember Erans Hammond," Bert said.

"Yes; what of him? Speak—why don't you speak?" he asked impatiently, as the young fellow hesitated.

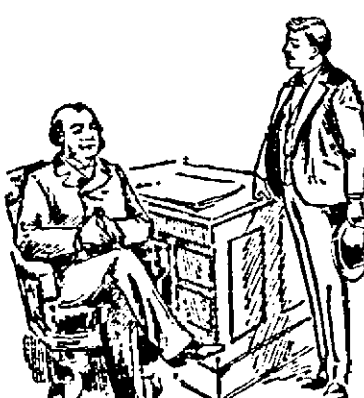
"You never knew, I believe," Bert said at last, "that my father, sorely tempted, took a thousand dollars from you."

"I always thought him a fool, but I never suspected that he was a knave also."

"My mother did not betray him, but she made me promise to return the whole sum, and there it is," Bert said, as he placed a roll of bills on the lawyer's desk.

"Where did you get that money?" he finally asked.

"I have been saving it ever since I



was eighteen years old, and I am now twenty-five."

"Then all I have to say is that you are a fine fellow—worth a dozen of your father. I should be glad to shake hands with you, for I can appreciate perseverance and honesty if I am an old skinflint—that is what they call me. Are you married, young man?"

"No, sir, but—"

"You want to be, I suppose?"

"Yes, and I shall not have to wait any longer now that I am relieved of this debt. Amy would not listen to anything of the kind until the money was paid. She is the best girl in the world."

Bert wondered afterward at his temerity in talking thus freely to the stern old man. But Mr. Manning's sternness seemed suddenly to have disappeared, and he listened to the lover's honest confessions with almost a smile upon his face.

When Bert was turning in order to leave, the lawyer seized the roll of bills, evidently intending at first to return the whole sum. But the innate spirit of greed was too strong for him and he hesitated. Then he nervously divided the money and thrust one-half deep into Bert's pocket, quite conscious that if he kept it one-half longer he would make another division.

"Your Amy," he said, "deserves to be happy. Tell her that money is a wedding present; and if either of you ever want a friend, come to old Seth Manning."

Bert fairly ran to Amy with his good news.

"The old fellow is not half as bad as people say," he said to her.

"I call him magnificent," she declared emphatically, as she looked at the bills in her lap.

They were soon quietly married, and no happier, merrier wife than Amy Hammond was ever seen or dreamed of

NEW HEBRIDES ISLANDERS.

Why the Children of Polynesia Always Seem So Happy.

If you glance over a good map of the Pacific ocean, south of the equator, it will look to you like a white paper dotted with specks like pepper. These specks represent islands or groups of islands, like Hawaii, the Navigator's Islands, the Friendly Islands, Fiji, and so on through a vast number of groups, many of which the men who compile geographical take no note of. One class of these islands is very low, and is formed by the coral insect, which turns into limestone when it dies; and the other class is called "volcanic," and is formed by the internal fires of the earth sending their great chimneys above the waves. As a consequence, all the Pacific islands of volcanic origin are mountainous, and you can tell the forces that made them as soon as you see them.

The New Hebrides group extends for four hundred miles southwest of the line of northern New Guinea, and as its conical forms show, it is of volcanic origin. There are a great many islands in the group, the most important of which is Erumanga. This island is particularly famous because it was here that that great and good man, the Reverend John Williams, was killed by the natives whom he had come out to help. In another way this island is famed for its superior sandal wood, a timber of which you should know something, for it is beautiful, pleasantly scented, and is particularly prized by that skillful and most interesting people, the Japanese.

The inhabitants of the New Hebrides islands are almost as dark as the negro. They are tall, very well formed, and many of their habits and traditions are like those of the African tribes across the Indian ocean, and further away from them than even America.

All the men and women wear ear ornaments, and the holes in the ears, by constantly inserting larger pieces, get to be so long that they hang down to their shoulders in loops of dark flesh which it is not pleasant to look at. They also puncture holes in their cheeks and fill them with disks of shell or ivory, but when these things drop out, as they often do, the food exudes through their cheeks in a most disagreeable way. Why they even bore holes in the nose, and hang therein pieces of shell and bits of colored stone, is this a worse than cramping the feet in tight shoes, as we do, or than straining the waist in devices called "stays," till the natural form is destroyed and the health ruined? We should see ourselves as others see us, and as we are, before we flatter ourselves that we are so very much superior to even the savages of the New Hebrides islands.

Usually the women in savage lands are very much inferior to the men in looks; this is because they have to do all the hard work, and the lazy men, except when they go off to fight, which is their only serious occupation, have nothing to do but eat, drink, and sell their wares. The women of the New Hebrides islands are an exception to the rule. They are beautifully formed, for the men help them in their work and treat them as equals and not as slaves.

One of the largest and most populous of this group of islands is called Vate—pronounced "Vatey"—and this I had the pleasure of visiting in 1892. The people were no doubt very fierce and cruel to visitors a few years ago, but that I think was because they were afraid of them. Now they are as gentle and kind as those most amiable savages in the world, the people of the Navigator's islands, or "Samoa," as we now call them.

For one week I lived with the people of Vate, sleeping in their conical-roofed huts, and eating of their food, and living exactly as they did themselves, and they seemed to like me the better for it. The only English word they know—it was originally a Spanish word—is "dollar," and all money, whether a nickel or a gold coin, is to them a dollar.

Fish abound along the coasts of these islands, and the pearl fisheries are valuable. The shores are lined with rich shells, and through every month in the year the slopes of the hills are covered with flowers. When the children learned that I was fond of shells and flowers, it delighted them beyond measure, and we became friends at once. With them it was quantity rather than quality, and my little hut was soon packed with gorgeous flowers and its earthen floor strewn with the loveliest of shells.

While the New Hebrides men, to use the expression of an American president, "are now at peace with all the world and the rest of mankind," yet they love to carry their long, cruel spears, with tips of shark's teeth, and their murderous war clubs, and the boys use miniature articles of the same character for toys. Here, as all the world over, the girls are very fond of dolls, and they carry them on their backs, as their mothers do their children.

On nearly all the islands of Polynesia tattooing is a very common custom, that is, making figures on the skin by means of coloring matter introduced under it, but the people of the New Hebrides islands have another form of what they consider decoration. By means of sharp shells, they make scars in various figures on the face, along the arms and legs, and frequently across the breast. When healed, these scars look white in contrast with their very dark skins and have much the appearance of designs drawn on a black-board.

One thing impressed me very strongly among the people of New Hebrides as well as among all the savage tribes I met in these islands, and that is the extreme happiness of the children. This is due to the fact that they do not suffer from cold or hunger. The climate is so warm that they do not need clothing, and nature is so generous on sea and land that food is always abundant and so they never know what hunger is.—N. Y. Advertiser.

We must love men ere they will seem to us worthy of our love.—Shakespeare.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—French Toast.—Beat one egg thoroughly and mix it with half a pint of milk, add half teaspoonful of salt; have ready a hot buttered spider; cut the bread into thin slices; dip one by one into the preparation of milk and egg; fry a light brown.—Ohio Farmer.

—Graham Rusk, One.—One pint of sweet milk, one teaspoon each of butter and sugar, and one coffee-cup potato yeast; thicken with fine flour and let rise over night in the morning stir down, let rise and stir down again; when it rises again make into a loaf with graham flour and let rise again; then roll out like soda biscuits, cut and put in pans, and when light take carefully.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—A nice seed cake may be made as follows: Two ounces of dried flour, four ounces of ground rice, ditto pulverized sugar, a pinch of salt, and a good teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat two ounces of butter to a cream, add two beaten eggs, then, gradually, the dried ingredients and a dessert-spoonful of curraway seed. Beat well, and bake about an hour.—Woman's Home Journal.

—Bread Pancakes.—Take the amount of sour milk or buttermilk required for the family meal. Put into this enough dry bread to take up half the milk. Soak until soft. Add one or two eggs, well beaten. Salt to taste. The required amount of soda should be added; then mix in flour enough for a good, stiff batter. Bake in small thin cakes on a hot griddle.—Ohio Farmer.

—Strawberry and Custard Pudding.—Put four tablespoonfuls of freshly made strawberry jam, made by cooking a pint of berries for twenty minutes with half a pint of sugar, into a baking dish; cover with four ounces of bread crumbs and pour over gradually a pint of custard made with a pint of milk, two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; pour this on gradually so that the crumbs may absorb it, and bake half an hour in a moderately heated oven.—American Agriculturist.

—Carpets.—The carpet being first well shaken and free from dust, tack it down to the floor; then mix half a pint of soft water with two gallons of of ball-water; scrub the carpet well with soap and the gall mixture; when perfectly dry it will look like new, as the colors will be restored to their original brightness. The brush used must not be too hard, but rather long in the hair, or it will rub up the nap and injure the carpet.—Christian Inquirer.

—Though papers for pantry shelves look very dainty when fresh, oilcloth in white or a light color is much better to use in every place that is to come in contact with the food. It can be wiped as often as dusty or otherwise soiled without injury. If one chooses, the tissue papers used for china closets may be used on the edges of the shelves. The floor of the pantry, unless of hard wood, or even close and well painted, should also be covered with oilcloth or linoleum.—N. Y. Post.

—Scalloped Potatoes.—Butter the sides and bottom of an earthen pudding dish. Slice in this a layer of cold, boiled potatoes, sprinkle some salt, pepper and bits of butter over them. Dust with flour, add another layer of the sliced potatoes and so on until as many are used as are needed. Then cover all place a layer of fine bread crumbs. Pour over this a little more than a teaspoonful of sweet milk, or cream if at hand. Set it in a pretty hot oven and bake thirty minutes or to a delicate brown.—Orange Judd Farmer.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—From two observations made July 13, 1893, of the aurora borealis at the University of Toronto it was found that its height above the earth was 160 miles.

—The white rhinoceros has become nearly if not quite extinct. There are two stuffed specimens in England and one in the Cape Town museum. It is the largest specimen of the genus.

—For protection wool and furs rank first, then silk, cotton and linen. Any layer of confined air is a slow conductor of heat, and a loose-fitting garment is warmer in winter than a tight-fitting one in other respects the same.

—Droughts in Algeria are reported to have caused much damage to the geranium crop, which is raised for the purpose of distilling geranium oil from the leaves. The fragrant oil is used by perfumers, a part being sold under its own name, but a still greater amount is used for adulterating the attar of roses.

—Specimens of the American lung-fish (Lepidosteus paradoxus) have been sent to London from the upper Rio Paraguay. This and the Plesiopterus of African rivers have been thought by Dr. Ayers to be congeneric, and even varieties of our species, but their generic distinction has been lately reaffirmed by German and English authorities.

—Water is compressible theoretically, but not practically. That is, when an amount of water is subjected to an additional pressure of one atmosphere it is compressed one-twenty-thousandth part of its bulk. Thus, for all practical purposes, it is correct to say that you cannot get more than four quarts of water into a gallon vessel under any circumstances.

—More than three hundred species of fish hitherto unknown to naturalists are described by M. Leon Vaillant as inhabiting the lakes of Borneo. Many other fish are identical with species living in the waters of the Sundaland and of Indo-China. As these species never reach the sea, they furnish another argument in favor of the theory of a former connection of these countries.

—The Capricornian, an Australian journal, says that "the introduction of the little fruit baskets as used in California, into which the fruit is picked direct, has given a fillip to fruit eating, and growers find it so profitable that neither producer nor consumer will now rest content until the whole of the California system of handling fruit has been introduced to South Australia."

—An English scientist, after careful experiments, finds that when potatoes are cooked without removing the skins they lose only 2 per cent. of nutritive quality through extraction of the juice. When the skins are removed before boiling the loss was 14 per cent., which makes the process of cooking the potatoes without their jackets an exceedingly wasteful one.

—A singular instance of connection between superstition and agricultural pests is reported from Ceylon. The high-class Buddhist Cingalese refuse to destroy the predatory insects which infest the tea plantations, as they regard it a sin to take life. Consequently the tea plantations owned by them become the breeding ground for moths and other insects, and a source of infection to neighboring plantations.

—The following instance of tenacity of life in land snails is given by Mr. Stearns, of the United States National museum: "Certain snails were collected on Cerros or Cedros island, off the coast of Lower California in 1859. Six years later one of them, on being placed in a box of moist earth, began to move about. Another shell, also from Lower California, woke up from its lethargy after a long nap of two years, two months and sixteen days."

—The Balabans of Central Africa are famous for their skill in casting and forging iron. They construct tall cylindrical furnaces of clay with tapers of clay and ingeniously devised wooden bellows. They make arms for hunting and for war, and collars and bracelets of iron. The neighboring natives resort to them in great numbers to exchange their own products for the manufactures of the Balabans.—Popular Science Monthly.

WOMEN OF IMPERIAL ROME.

Marriage Regarded by Them as a Foolish Ceremony.

In Juvenal's time the woman were entirely independent. They could do as they pleased, go where they liked without comment, and were mistresses of their own fortunes and estates. After the great civil wars the religious rite of marriage was discontinued, and a new custom gradually arose, by which a woman on her marriage did not cease to belong to her father's house, to which she could return, if she liked, by divorcing her husband.

With such a loose state of morals, and divorce so easy, it seems to us it was scarcely worth while to marry at all. The Romans themselves were of this opinion. So many were averse to marriage and so objected to the burden of children that the old Roman stock was threatened with extinction, and was eventually superseded by that of freed men and provincials.

"Will thou tamely drag the galling chains, While hemps to be bought, while slaves remain?" asks Juvenal of Ursula, on the eve of the intended marriage of the latter.

A rich Roman who married was regarded as a fool. Unmarried and without heirs, he was courted by crowds of sycophants and legacy hunters, who swarmed around him, on the lookout for gifts during his life or for legacies at his death. He was an object of attention to adulation from all. Each Roman vied with his neighbors in his display of wealth. Ostentation became a passion. A feast was not considered a success unless the cost of it was a matter for discussion by "all Rome." Palaces and villas were built in the most splendid and costly style. Inlaid marbles, gold and silver and precious stones were lavishly used, in order to show the wealth of their owner. Nero had several rooms in his Golden House studded all over with pearls. Goethe might well term the Romans the greatest purveyors in history.—Westminster Review.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Contentment is better than money, and just about as scarce.—Texas Siftings.

—The flow of jokes increases after the humorist receives a check.—Harlem Life.

—A—"Hello, Charlie! Mustache cut off, I see. What did you have that done for?" B—"Fifteen cents.—Harvard Lampoon.

—He—"May I kiss this dainty hand?" She—"O, yes, if it will give you any pleasure. But where do I come in?"—Boston Budget.

—His Conceit.—Mr. Flitty—"I had all the conceit taken out of me yesterday." Miss Victor—"Really? How did they carry it off? On a freight train?"

—Miss Spinster—"You will own up, Mr. Benedick, that women are often right?" Mr. Benedick—"Certainly, but they are more often left."—Truth.

—The latest craze is for collecting pottery dogs. There is one advantage in this. A crockery setter, for instance, could be easily broken.—Texas Siftings.

—He—"But couldn't you learn to love me, Ida?" She—"I don't think I could, George." He (reaching for his hat)—"It is as I feared! You are too old to learn!"—Harlem Life.

—Mamma—"I cried the little pig, 'I want more to eat!'" "Well," exclaimed the parent petulantly, "I presume you are bound to make a hog of yourself anyway."—Detroit Tribune.

—Tups—"Are you sure that you and mamma thought of me while you were away?" Little Grace—"Yes; we heard a man just scolding awful about his breakfast and mamma said: 'That's just like papa.'"

—The Bachelor—"I'm waiting for the interesting woman of thirty that the novelists talk about." "Well, you won't find her in New York. All the women under sixty are not over twenty-two."—Life.

—"Hasn't there been something of a coolness between you and Reginald?" said the inquisitive girl. "O, yes," was the reply. "We were eating ice cream together only last night."—Washington Star.

—Guest—"What possessed you to move way off here to the extreme edge of the city?" Host—"The trolley cars stop running at ten p. m." "What of that?" "Wait till you see my pretty daughters."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Mrs. Chatters—"Dear me, the new curate is such an interesting young man. Mrs. Nextdoor—"What did he talk about when he called?" Mrs. Chatters—"He listened patiently while I told him all about the baby's new tooth."—Tit-Bits.

—Oiling—"So you wish the hand of my daughter, eh? Pray what is your business, sir?" Young man—"I am a solicitor, sir." Oiling—"Solicitor of what?" Y. M.—"Of her consent, sir."—Boston Courier.

—"You don't know how much your look has helped me, Mr. Scribbles." Mr. Scribbles—"You flatter me." "I mean every word of it. Whenever I am restless I go get your look and inside of fifteen minutes I'll be asleep."—Inter Ocean.

—A Sad Calamity.—Millicent—"Were you much hurt when you were thrown from your carriage?" Mildred—"No; I sprained my ankle slightly, but the pain was nothing compared to my mortification when I recollected that I was wearing black hose with tan Oxford ties, and the ambulance surgeon was such a swell fellow, too."

—Little Bessie had been going to school and learning about the different races of people. Not long after she was taken into her mamma's room to see the new baby. After looking at it solemnly she said: "It doesn't seem to be an Ethiopian, but it looks some like a Malay."—Youth's Companion.

A DUTCH PIRATE.

The Conquering Career of a Bloodthirsty Sea Rover.

Brasilliano, the Dutchman expelled from Brazil at the Portuguese invasion, was another who, having taken refuge in the British colony and being anxious to get on, "saw no way so likely to do it as by turning pirate," in which line he soon distinguished himself by the same qualities. "He feared nothing, avoided no danger, and always went upon the most difficult enterprises." This was, indeed, the golden rule of piracy, which, accidents apart, always led to success.

Vessel after vessel did Brasilliano and his friends take, regularly returning to Port Royal to squander away their gold in every kind of debauchery. On sea or on land "nothing could withstand the valor of these desperadoes." They shrank from no encounter at any odds, and their victories were generally followed by "horrid cruelties with which they tortured the poor Spaniards after a manner shocking to relate," partly in order to get more money, partly, it seems, in mere wantonness of fury. Whatever they got was, however, spent in a very short time, the pirates being quickly reduced to beggary. "They have been known to spend two or three thousand pieces of eight in one night." On these occasions wine literally flowed down the streets. The successful buccanniers insisted upon every one partaking of their hospitality; at other times they showered the beverage about the streets, wetting the clothes of passers-by, which seemed to them an "excellent diversion." Some persons objected, doubtless, but on the whole it was considered good for trade.

When poverty on one occasion drove Brasilliano to sea again, he, like Bartholomew, was captured while "calmly 'reviewing the fort' of Campeachy. The governor determined to hang him and his crew, but their captain had the address to write a letter, as from other pirates, threatening horrid cruelties to any of the Spanish nation who should ever fall into their hands. And this letter had the desired effect, so well known were both the courage and cruelty of the pirate community.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Common Error of Speech.

She—"I've been enjoying very poor health lately." He—"Ab! Your faculty for enjoyment must be very well developed."—Detroit Free Press.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Near one side and you will be in the dark.—Halifax.

—If Jupiter is inhabited the people there must be of an average height of sixty feet, according to the scientists.

—The Viking ship, which was one of the attractions at the world's fair, has been presented to the Field museum, in Jackson park, Chicago.

—He—"Well, for my part, I like a picture that tells a story." She—"Mrs. Witherby's portrait ought to suit you, then. It makes her positively handsome."—Harris Life.

—He—"I loved it."—Emeline—"Will you go to me last night?"—Angelina—"Yes? I thought he would; he told me the other day that my rejection of his offer had driven him clean out of his mind."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—An invalid, after returning from a southern trip, said to a friend: "O, shore, an' it's done me a wurruld o' good, goin' away. I've come back another man altogether. In fact, I'm quite myself again."

—A "size" in a coat is an inch; in underwear two inches; in a sock, an inch; in a collar half an inch; in shoes one-sixth of an inch; in trousers, one inch; in gloves, quarter of an inch, and in hats, one-eighth of an inch.

—The real estate mortgage debt of five counties in the state of New York, mainly those close to the city, and of six counties in the state of New Jersey is \$1,270,245,705 or 21.25 per cent. of the whole real estate mortgage debt of the United States.

—Mulhall estimated that the agricultural earnings of the United States are \$2,400,000,000; the earnings from manufactures, \$1,300,000,000; from mines, \$400,000,000; from transportation, \$1,152,500,000; from commerce, \$1,600,000,000; from shipping, \$500,000,000; from banking, \$200,000,000.

—The internal revenue tax yielded our government last year \$124,000,000; of this sum \$91,000,000 from the tax on distilled spirits, \$21,000,000 from that on tobacco, \$20,000,000 from fermented liquors, \$1,200,000 from oleomargarine, and the remainder from miscellaneous sources.

—During the reign of Solomon the taxation of the Hebrews became so heavy that immediately on the accession of his son a demand for a reduction was made, and upon its refusal the chief tax collector, Adoram, was stoned to death and a secession of the ten tribes at once followed.

—There are 650 members forming the house of commons, while the United States, with nearly twice the population, has hardly half as many congressmen. The American senate numbers eighty-eight, and even when all the territories become states can never exceed 104, while the house of lords has 500 peers.

—The display of sugar canes at the recent agricultural exhibition of the island of Mauritius is said to have been the finest ever brought together in one room. More than seventy varieties of cane were shown, including seedlings of all sizes, from the tiny shoot to the full-grown cane twelve feet high, grown in a single season from home-grown seed.

—Among the Hebrews during theocracy the taxes were very severe. There was a poll tax of half a shekel, about thirty cents, a tribute of the first fruits and first-born of animals, a redemption tax of the first-born son, a tithe for the tabernacle, another for the Levites, and a third, every third year, for the poor. It has been computed that the total taxation exceeded 10 per cent. of the land valuation.

—In a paper recently read before the New York Electrical society on "Electric Heating from an Engineering Point of View," it was shown that electric street car heaters cost only five cents a day more than coal stoves, the figures being twenty and fifteen cents respectively. It was also stated that present installations of cooking apparatus demonstrate the success of electric cooking, both as regard cost and simplicity of operation.

—The glory of such a city as Philadelphia is that she early started and has bravely kept to the system by which every man of spirit and energy does his own house. The system of ground rent there favored a plan which is happily working out from Philadelphia so that it is taking a hold in other cities. In every part of Philadelphia where this system holds—that is, where the street is inhabited by the people who own the houses—the street is well cared for and the section well administered. It is said that 150,000 workmen in Philadelphia own their homes.

—Moslem has its famous widow in the person of Ayesha, the third wife of Mohammed. The first two were widows when he married them; she was a young girl, but such was the ascendancy she obtained over her husband that though she was repeatedly charged with being unfaithful to him, and on one or two occasions the statement was proved, he never could make up his mind to part with her, but, in her vindication, composed a chapter for the Koran. After the death of Mohammed she retained much of his authority among his followers. She was called the "Mother of the Faithful," and in all difficult points the interpreters of the Koran consulted her to ascertain what had been Mohammed's meaning. She retained her influence until her death, and was buried with her husband.

—The New Revolution.

—"Wow!" he cried, wringing his hand in pain as he let go. "You are getting to have a tremendous grip on you, my darling."

—Looking him tenderly in the eyes, she said:

—"George, I will not conceal it from you any longer. The girls of our set have organized a baseball team and I'm the catcher."—Judge.

—In Doubt About It.

—Mrs. Figg—"Tommy, if you don't be a better boy you will never get to Heaven."

—Tommy—"And if I be real good and go there I'll have to keep on being good after I get there?"—Indianapolis Journal.

SIMPLE IS THE RACEGOER.

He Submits to Being Swindled on Every Hand—Even Plays the Shell Game.

One of the most notorious swindlers in this country once said that New Yorkers were the most provincial people in the world, and that it was easier to separate a fifth-rate horse from a first-rate one than to separate a swindler from a swindler. This may be a question, but one thing is certain, and that is that ten New Yorkers, if not more, fall victims to confidence men to every one out-of-towner. The crowds that frequent a race track are naturally supposed to be composed of very shrewd men, yet there is not a class of people in the country today who are victimized so often and so repeatedly, and yet submit without a word, as a lot of race-track people.

Every one takes a turn at bumping the racegoer, and a trip to any of the tracks with a crowd of horsemen will furnish the best verification in the world of the swindler's statement. In the first place, as soon as a race track opens its meeting all of the railroads which connect with it immediately raise the price of tickets. Where it usually costs but forty cents to go to and from Coney Island it now costs fifty cents for an excursion ticket to Gravesend, which is only about two-thirds of the way down. Coney Island visitors can still get tickets at the old rate, but if a man happens to be going to the race track he must pay extra money. On the little elevated road which runs from Veehewick to the Gutterburg race track the fare all the year round is but five cents. When the race track was open, however, it cost ten cents to get to the track, unless you happened to be one of the natives, and then by explaining to the ticket seller just who you were you could obtain passage at the regular rate.

Then, again, the admission to a race track is exorbitant. It has been shown that with free admission the associations can still make a tremendous amount of money, yet they charge one dollar and a half for badges, and without paying that much one cannot get inside the grounds. Once in, everybody takes a turn at the poor speculator. At every pump and water faucet on the grounds or in the buildings there is a man who insists on drawing water for you, and then calls your attention to a cigar box with a slit in it which is suspended nearby. In the toilet rooms it is a case of tip half a dozen people or get abused like a ruffian, while in the matter of meals the prices are simply fabulous. What money a man has left after running this gauntlet the book-makers get, nine times out of ten, and all in all the average man is a decidedly disconsolate individual when the last race is run, and in his haste to get home he jumps into a parlor car only to find that there is not a seat left in it, and then is obliged to pay twenty-five cents for the privilege of standing up, where he might have had a seat and saved the money by taking an ordinary passage. All of these facts go to show what easy victims men are who belong to a class which is supposed to be exceedingly shrewd.

But these swindlers are mild compared with the games that are run on the Bay Ridge ferrybody which carries the racing crowd from the foot of Whitehall street to the train at Bay Ridge. This trip consumes about half an hour and gives the gang of swindlers who infest the boat ample time in which to hook a few victims. It will be hard for a great many people to believe it, but the game worked on this boat successfully is the old, threadbare, time-worn shell game. The same old gang of thimble-riggers who used to catch drunken sailors and soldiers fresh young clerks on the bowery have had the temerity to carry their game right into a crowd of gamblers, and judging from what a Sun reporter saw the other day they are meeting with marvellous success. Every one knows the old shell game, yet there seems to be a fascination about it which men cannot resist. With the same old cry of "Come on, gentles; pick out the little ball," the principal shell man came walking across the cabin manipulating the shells on a little cloth-covered board, which was suspended by a string around his neck, and followed by three or four cappers, who were betting and winning great stacks of bills. It was five minutes before the first victim came to the front. He leaped from his seat as the shell man passed him, and placing his finger on the center shell said: "I'll bet you five dollars it's under there."

"Take yer," said the swindler, "get up yer money."

The young man took his hand off the shell for a second to pull a five-dollar bill from a big roll that he had with him, and in that second the shell man, with a lightning-like movement, had changed the position of the shells. Of course the young man lost. He seemed surprised and sat down, while the rest of the people in the cabin burst out laughing.

Out upon the deck went the swindlers, the cappers betting and winning, and occasionally an outsider stepping in and losing a dollar or so. Finally, in the other cabin the gang struck just the sort of a snap they wanted. It was a half dozen young men of the Jimmy Fresh order, and when one of them stepped up to bet, the swindlers located right there and let the young man win his first bet, which was for one dollar. The next bet was two dollars, and amid shouts of glee from his friends the young man picked out the correct shell. Then he bet five dollars and lost, and in his excitement bet ten dollars to get square and lost that. Somehow or other he couldn't get the right shell. In the meantime the cappers were betting and winning, and the young man looked on as though he couldn't quite understand it all. One by one the other young men stepped up, and each one of them lost from one to fifteen dollars before the swindlers made up their minds it was time to go.

On the boat there were about five hundred people and at least fifty of them bit at the game before the boat reached Bay Ridge. Over half of them were men who have frequented the tracks for years, and to see them de-

liberately swindled was amusing. When the passengers had disembarked the swindlers stayed on board and went back to New York to work the next boatload. For the first four days of the Grand meeting these were worked without interference, but the police got at them and refused to permit them to play any longer, much to the indignation of a number of misguided people who were under the impression that they could beat the game and wanted to bet their money where they hadn't a chance on earth of winning.—N. Y. Sun.

THE LIFE GUARDS.

A Body of English Soldiers that Is Famed for Its Fighting Qualities.

After the Peninsula, the Life Guards proceeded to the Netherlands, and there took part in the crowning victory of Waterloo. The charge of the Household Cavalry—with whom were the First Dragoon Guards—is an event of history and will be remembered as long as history lasts.

Then ensued a long interval of seventy years, occupied with the peaceful duties of state ceremonial, and the only changes which took place were those of dress and equipment. In 1817 steel helmets superseded the brass ones, which in 1812 had replaced the cocked hats, and in 1821, at the coronation of George IV., these in their turn gave way to leavening caps, similar to those of the Grenadiers, with a white plume on the left side passing over the crown. For this function, also, steel cuirasses were again issued, and have never since been discarded. The present carbines were adopted at the same time as the helmets, and the long muskets, with bayonets and large horse pistols, were deposited in the Tower.

And now we arrive at the last act—update—in the history of the Life Guards. In 1882 they, in conjunction with the rest of the household troops, were ordered to Egypt, and croakers were found who prophesied that the long interval of peace would have spoiled the efficacy of the Guards, and foretold the failure of the "driving rain soldiers." How entirely wrong these prophets of evil were the results soon showed; and not only by the famous midnight charge at Kassassin, but by their whole record throughout the campaign. The Guards proved that they were, as they had ever been, "first rate fighting men," and that, whenever called upon, they might be relied on to do their duty as valiant men and true.—Chambers' Journal.

ON PIKE'S PEAK.

Sensations Caused by a Visit to the Lofly Mount.

The view from the peak, once beheld, can never be forgotten. The first sensation is that of complete isolation. The silence is profound. The clouds are below us, and noiselessly break in foaming billows against the faces of the beetling cliffs. Occasionally the silence is broken by the deep roll of thunder from the depths beneath, as though the voice of the Creator were uttering a stern edict of destruction. The storm rises, the mists envelop us, there is a rush of wind, a rattle of hail, and we seek refuge in the hotel. Pause a moment before entering and hold up your hands. You can feel the sharp tingle of the electric current as it escapes from your finger tips. The storm is soon over, and you can see the sunbeams gilding the upper surface of the white clouds that sway and swing below you, half way down the mountain sides, and completely hide from view the world beneath. The scenery shifts: like a drawn curtain the clouds part, and, as from the heights of another sphere, we look forth upon the majesty of the mountains and the plains. An ocean of inextricably entangled peaks sweeps into view. Forests dark and vast seem like vague shadows on distant mountain sides. A city is dwarfed into the compass of a single block; watercourses are mere threads of silver laid in graceful curves upon the green velvet mantle of the endless plains. The red granite rocks beneath our feet are starred with tiny flowers, so minute that they are almost microscopic, yet tinted with the most delicate and tender colors. The majesty of greatness and the mystery of minuteness are here brought face to face. It is in vain that one strives to describe the scene. Only those who have beheld it can realize its grandeur and magnificence.—Cassier's Magazine.

ORIGIN OF THE DIAMOND.

Scientific Theories Accounting for the Formation of the Precious Stone.

As usual upon disputed points, speculation has been busy about the origin of the diamond, and a large number of theories, all more or less probable, have been propounded to set the matter at rest. The two most reasonable explanations are, perhaps, the explanations put forward by M. Parrot and Baron Liebig. The former scientist, who has laboriously investigated the perplexing subject, is of the opinion that the diamond arises from the operation of violent volcanic heat on small particles of carbon contained in the rock, or on a substance composed of a large proportion of carbon and a smaller quantity of hydrogen. By this theory, as he conceives, we are best able to account for the cracks and flaws so often noticed in the gem, and the frequent occurrence of included particles of black carbonaceous matter.

Baron Liebig, on the other hand, claims the credit of offering a simple explanation of the probable process which actually takes place in the formation of the diamond. His contention is that science can point to no process capable of accounting for the origin and production of diamonds, except the powers of decay. If we suppose decay to proceed in a liquid containing carbon and hydrogen, then a compound with still more carbon must be formed; and if the compound thus formed were itself to undergo further decay, the final result, says this eminent authority, must be the separation of carbon in a crystalline form.—Gentleman's Magazine.

—Servia gives the rest of the world about 20,000 tons of dried plums every year.

OBEYED ORDERS STRICTLY.

How a Collector Secured a Six Weeks' Holiday and a Partnership.

"When I was a youngster of seventeen," said a successful business man to a Detroit Free Press reporter, "I got a job as collector with a man who was about as strict a martinet as I ever saw. He insisted on everything being done just as he said, and there were times when life was verily a burden, but I stuck to him for six months, then we had a difference. It was this way: One morning he called me up and handed me a bill on a man I knew and said for me to take it around and collect it."

"It's one of our standbys," he said, "and every collector I ever sent to him reported him absent or not findable or something. Now you go and don't come back here till you see him."

"Do you mean that?" I asked, as two or three clerks looked up.

"You know me," was all he said in reply and I went out after my man.

"He wasn't at home," the people said, "and wouldn't be for six weeks. So I stuck the bill in my pocket and went off up the country on a visit. The old man sent after me half a dozen times, but my folks could only tell I was out of town, and I never paid any attention to a letter I got from the boss, but went on enjoying myself. Then I came back and had a visit with some other friends and at the end of six weeks I called on my man again with the bill. I found him at home and told him what I had done, and he paralyzed me by paying the bill with interest. Two hours later I stepped into the boss' office."

"There," I said, before he had time to gather his wits, "is the amount of your bill and interest. He was out of town for six weeks and I couldn't see him before. You told me not to come back till I did see him, and I was obeying your instructions. I had a rattling good time and the house owes me six weeks' salary."

"The old man gasped, got blue in the face and I thought he was going to explode, but he didn't; he gulped it all down and stuck out his hand."

"Young man," he said, "you ought to have been a soldier; I'm going to put you in charge of the collection department and double your salary, and," concluded the merchant, "when I was twenty-five I was a partner."

"Hrmm er rack," said Uncle Eben, "dat it ain't no user worry. But him jes' er much er rack dat it ain't no user tell er man dat it ain't no user worry."—Washington Star.

On to Washington.

Three years ago, the only authentic map of the Virginia battlefields was prepared in the War Department for the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Co. It can with safety be asserted that it is the most interesting map ever made, and so great was the demand for the first edition that 100,000 were soon absorbed, but it has been re-issued for the occasion of the K. of P. Encampment at Washington in August, and will be mailed free after June 1st, upon application to C. H. Ryan, Assistant General Passenger Agent, C. & O. Ry., Cincinnati, O. In connection with the map is also a description of the grand and varied scenery of the Virginia, and the delightful Mountain and Sea Shore Resorts along the C. & O., as well as a sketch of the battlefields.

Medical men say that there is alcoholic gas in the skull of a man who dies of delirium tremens. The nose is probably the gas-burner, then.—Chicago Times.

Crookedest River.

In United States is the Missouri and the Best Line between Minneapolis, St. Paul and all Missouri River Cities from Sioux City to Kansas City inclusive is The North-Western Line.

By Violence.

Little is accomplished in this civilized era, but with the gentle laxative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the bowels are relieved without abruptness or subsequent weakness. It cures indigestion, malaria, rheumatism, weakness and kidney trouble, yields to this reliable curative, foremost also among laxatives and recommended by physicians. Give this medicine a fair trial and be convinced.

Her Last Letter.

—Thus we part, wretch, and this is the last letter from your unhappy Anna. I'll be—More to-morrow.—Fleegende Hetter.

Frankie Schooners.

Used to be the best mode of conveyance overland between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago. Today the best conveyance is the North-Western Line.

At a rule the lantern can be dispensed with at lawn parties.

The light-headed young man will be there.—Syracuse Courier.

THE SMALLER, THE BETTER.

If you can only afford to buy a small pill will do you as much good as much. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are smaller than any other, sugar-coated, easier to take and easier in the way they act. And yet they really do you more good. Their refined and concentrated vegetable extracts act upon the liver in a natural way that lasts. They have a powerful strengthening effect on the intestines. They not only relieve but permanently cure. In every liver, stomach, and kidney disorder—Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Windy Eructations, "Risers of Food," Sick or Bilious Headaches, Sour Stomach—they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

PIERCE Guar- antees a CURE OR MONEY RETURNED.

PIERCE'S CURE FOR COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, ETC.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

A. N. K.—G. 1508.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A man loved a woman, but she laughed at him. Then, through grief, he became ill, and was like to die, in very despair of her love. Whereat pity touched her heart, and pity grew to love. When he came to know this, having now the love he had so yearned to possess, he rejoiced greatly, and arose from his bed. And straightway he began to love another woman.

You can't have your penny and your cake; but, if you are sufficiently able and unscrupulous, you can have your penny and some one else's cake.—Puck.

228 Pages for 5 Stamps. A copy of "Health and Pleasure on America's Greatest Railroad," containing 228 pages, with over 300 illustrations and a description of more than 1,000 tours; finest book of its kind ever issued; will be sent to any address free, postpaid, on receipt of five two-cent stamps, by GEORGE H. DARRIN, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

He (philosophically)—"Do you approve of going to the theater?" She (practically)—"Oh, thank you, any night you like."—Home Journal.

Over 62 Million People live in the United States and many of these are daily delighted with the service of The North-Western Line between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago.

"Have you been playing the sax?" "No," replied the dejected looking man. "The sax have been playing me."—Washington Star.

Largest Body of Fresh water in the World is Lake Superior and it is best reached from Minneapolis and St. Paul by The North-Western Line.

When an actress is young she has her lithographic likeness, and when she is old she does not depart therefrom.—Boston Transcript.

When Visiting Minneapolis Stop at Hotel NICOLLER, the central, first-class hotel, with all modern conveniences. Electric cars to all parts of city, and to St. Paul, pass the door. Rates, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 per day; suites of rooms with baths, extra.

Mr. Gentry—"You know man proposes." Miss Waiting—"No, I don't; I've only heard that he does."—Latter Ocean.

Longest River in the World is the Mississippi, but the Shortest Line between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago is The North-Western Line.

CLARA—"Now, what would you do if you were in my shoes?" Estelle—"Polish them or keep them out of sight."—Latter Ocean.

He'll Catch a Cure Is taken internally. Price 25c.

"That was a bad scrape," as a man in the audience said to a friend when the violinist stopped playing.—Philadelphia Call.

Brightest Light Is that of the Sun and the Best Lighted Train between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago is The North-Western Line.

The man who is not conscious of his own faults has no charity for another.—Ran's Horn.

A fallow skin acquires a healthy clearness by the use of Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

Sometimes even the man who goes wrong pays as he goes.—Galveston News.

THE POT INSULTED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED

SAPOLIO

GOOD COOKING DEMANDS CLEANLINESS. SAPOLIO SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY KITCHEN.

When you're Rubbing over your washboard, in that painful, old-fashioned way, these are some of your positions. Just try these motions, up and down, without the tub. That will prove how hard they are. Then try Pearline's way of washing. That will prove how needless and absurd they are. Without the washboard and the rubbing on it, and without bending over the wash-tub or bobbing up and down over it—you save the wear to your clothes and the work for your back. That's Pearline's way. Directions on every package.

"More the Merrier" Wash day a pleasure

BUT NOT UNLESS YOU USE

SANTA CLAUS SOAP.

IT IS THE PUREST, BEST & MOST ECONOMICAL

Sold everywhere Made by

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, CHICAGO.




NEWS OF OUR DEATH.

Copyright, 1911, by DAVENPORT & CO. AND PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT.

We sat down on the windward side of the blazing sticks and began to pick up pieces, having discovered by accident that some of them contained seeds that were edible. From this unassuming occupation we were suddenly startled by hearing a low laugh, and looking up we saw a man standing near us with a sack slung over one shoulder and a heavy stick in his right hand.

"Who are you?" cried Gordon, springing to his feet.

"Iran Dostmember," the man replied in a tolerable English. "You've seen me before—a better fire than this."

As he spoke he pushed back his hood and thrust out his chin, showing a red beard, a smiling face and a massive cranium, the proportionately large for the size of his face and perfectly bald. I recognized him as the man who had stood beside us by the burning kameras.

"You've chosen an odd place for your fire," he said, with another chuckle, as he threw down his sack carefully and nestled himself on it. "One can see you are no novice. An old hand at this sort of thing—one of the large family of Dostmembers, for instance—would have taken the precaution to see whether the smoke would blow into the road or not before lighting up. But perhaps you are tired of liberty and wine food. Are you?"

"Why do you ask?" Gordon demanded.

"Because your smoke is blowing straight down, and the posthouse is not 500 yards distant. The man there has orders to take prisoner or shoot any refugee that comes within his reach."

"CHAPTER XXXVI
REFUGEE AT A RUBLE A DAY."

"You seem to treat the danger pretty lightly," said Gordon. "Perhaps you are tired of liberty."

"Not a bit of it. I have just bought freedom for three days at the rate of a ruble a day, and here it is," said Iran Dostmember, striking the sack on which he sat.

"What have you got there?" Gordon asked.

"Freedom. I tell you, for three days. It's indispensable. How long do you think you are going to keep up on fire? Twelve hours at the outside, I should say, by the look of madam."

"What have you got in the sack, I ask?" Gordon repeated eagerly.

"Bread, and I'll guard it as I would my life," Iran Dostmember answered, catching the gleam of desperation which lit his eyes as well as Gordon's.

"We are starving; we have eaten nothing for four days. You must give us some."

"You can get as much as you want at the post. Schenyl must keep his prisoners alive till the patrol comes round to collect them. Why should I shorten my term of freedom to prolong yours?"

Gordon looked at me. "Shall we give ourselves up?" his eyes asked, and mine answered. "Yes," he held out his hand to me and said:

"Come."

"I am afraid you are leaving with a bad opinion of me," said Iran Dostmember as I rose. "That's the worst of being perfectly reasonable—one's sure to offend some amiable fool. Now, if you only had a ruble or so—"

"Wait!" cried Gordon, tearing open his coat to get at his case. "You will kill me!"

"Of course I will. Schenyl always keeps a good stock on hand on the chance of a moneyed customer dropping in. I'm more where this came from," he continued, untying his sack and producing a loaf.

"It's rather a high price—a ruble a loaf, pretty nearly half a crown of your money—but these poor government officials must live."

Without a word Gordon snatched a note from his case, thrust it into Iran's hand and took possession of the loaf. Then, with horrible laughter, we tore the loaf in two and ate with the ravenous fury of starved beasts. For a time we forgot everything but the animal joy of satisfying our craving appetite. Whether Iran's pockets or not I do not know. It was not until our hunger had been appeased that we could think of him.

"What right have you to put temptation in a poor devil's way?" he growled. "Do you know the value of the note you gave me?"

Gordon shook his head, still eating.

"A thousand rubles—three years' freedom! Lifelong freedom, who knows? Take it back, or I may be tempted yet to knock you on the head."

He pushed the note into Gordon's hand and turned away. His elbows on his knees, dropped his head and looked in his palms and rubbed them slowly backward and forward, as if to soothe his nerves.

Gordon looked at him and then at me in silent perplexity; we both doubted whether the little man was in his right mind. Presently glancing round and perceiving that Gordon still held the note in his hand, Iran Dostmember said angrily:

"Put it away, I tell you—hide it up. Don't you know that the forest is alive with desperate men? Any one of them would murder the pair of you to get that. Why shouldn't they? Necessity knows no law but self-preservation. Do you know it was in my mind to brain you as you sat there in an ecstasy of animal pleasure? At least you would have gone out of the world happy; it would have saved you—and the government—years of trouble, and me too. Oh, there was enough justification. Reason was on my side and opportunity as well. You would have done it in my place. There was murder in your eye when you asked for bread. Bread is only a means to living the rest of living is freedom. A man will fight for life while there's a hope of freedom; when that hope is gone, he will blow his brains out."

"With your views," said Gordon, "I am surprised that you did not at least make off with the note."

"Perhaps I overlooked that alternative in the greater temptation to kill you. The probability was that you had other notes in your case—money enough to make escape certain."

"If you felt yourself justified, why didn't you kill me?"

"For a fool of a reason—a sentimental one. Something in your build, your face—not the murderous expression in it, you may be sure—deterred me. I felt, just at the critical moment, as if I were about to kill my dearest friend. And I can't shake off this womanly feeling while I look at you—that's the queer thing."

"Some personal resemblance?" Gordon suggested.

Iran Dostmember nodded gloomily and turned his eyes again on the fire.

"It's an odd coincidence that my resemblance to a Russian has not only saved my life, but was the cause of my life being in jeopardy."

"What Russian?" asked Iran, turning quickly.

"Taras—Prince Dostmember."

"Taras?" cried Iran, starting to his feet. "Is he alive?"

"He was when we left him not two months ago."

"Where was he then?"

"In London."

"Thank the fates!"

"You know him?"

"What honest Russian who lived five years ago does not know Taras?"

Then he broke into Russian, apostrophizing Taras with poetical fervor in words that I failed to follow. Suddenly he checked himself, and turning to us he said, as if to excuse himself:

"I have been dead five years and buried in the fortress of Petropavlovsk. One hears nothing there. There was no political prisoner in our gang—all cutthroats and scoundrels—they could tell me nothing. What should they know of Taras?"

And after a pause he added, with a pathetic tremor in his voice:

"I thought he must be dead, too—my friend."

He walked slowly round the fire to indulge his reflections, touching an ember here and there absently with his stick. Coming close to where we sat, silent in sympathy, he said:

"Did you know him—Taras?"

"Intimately."

"Is he well? What is he doing? How does he pass his days? Tell me all about him."

"You can answer these questions better than I," said Gordon, nodding to me.

I spoke, telling of our everyday life and of the work Taras was doing.

"Ha, ha," exclaimed Iran gleefully when I had described the groups of statuary.

"He still sticks to his guns, that good fighter Taras. But do they leave him alone—the police?"

"No, worse luck!" Gordon replied, and then he told of the attempts made to kidnap Taras and of the happy chance by which I had saved him, though he attributed my success not to chance, but to courage and devotion.

"I beg your pardon," said Iran, bowing to me. "I did you an injustice, thinking that you English women could do nothing except talk. But who is at the bottom of this conspiracy—do you know that?"

"I am ashamed to say he's a countryman of mine. At least he speaks the same language," said Gordon.

"An Irishman?" asked Iran sharply.

"Yes."

"His name? Quick!"

"Barry Kavanagh."

"Infamous villain!" muttered Iran through his clenched teeth.

"Do you know him?"

"Yes, and with good reason. Is he married? Do you know of any woman who calls herself his wife?"

"A woman—he should be 30 now—with blue eyes and a timid, pretty face. Do you know her?" he asked eagerly. "Don't be afraid to speak if you know more than that."

"I have thought of that. But you haven't enough. Every official on the road to the frontier would have to be bribed."

"But I have enough money in England."

"How are you to get it?"

"Write for it. The letter could be addressed to Schenyl."

Iran Dostmember laughed.

"Not a letter comes into Schenyl's hands that has not passed through a dozen on the road. Every official is on the lookout for a means to bleed another. Your letter would be expected to a certainty, and Peter Schenyl would be forced to hand you over to some one else. You would never get your remittance, though in time, by paying one and then another, you might at last get away; but it would take years, and we haven't a day to lose. Twelve hundred rubles and 425 English."

He made a mental calculation, then, shaking his head, said:

"I am afraid there's no chance for you, but I can ask Peter Schenyl. Yes, I will go back and have a dram with him on the strength of having sold a road to adventure. Give me a few kopecks. I have spent my last."

Gordon took the loose silver from his pocket, and putting it in Iran Dostmember's hand said:

"Whatever arrangement you make with the fellow, you will hear of nothing in return—we take you with us, or we stay with you and share what we have in equal parts till all is gone."

Iran Dostmember looked gravely at Gordon's face for a minute, then, with a smile, turned and left us in silence.

A long time elapsed—more than two hours, I think—before we saw him again. When at length he returned, we saw by his quick, firm step and the animation in his deep sunk eyes as he drew near the fire that our case was not hopeless.

"I had to make theascal drunk on his own liquor," he said, in explanation of his long absence, as he threw himself down on the ground beside us. "That's a long job with a Russian peasant, even when he helps himself at your expense. There was no getting a word of truth out of him while he was sober; would not on any consideration—no, not for all the gold in the world—betray the trust placed in him by the government; preferred death to dishonor and all the rest of it. However, little by little, as he grew more and more drunk he confessed to having at different times got five exiles out of Siberia and two of them across the frontier. Finally he let me know exactly what it cost him to get these two to Berlin—that is what I wanted to find out. As I expected, the cost is greater than your means will allow you to pay."

"How much?" Gordon asked in a tone of anxiety, still tinged with hope.

"The cost of getting one from here to Berlin is, roughly, 500 rubles."

"That means 1,500 for the 3, and we have but 15! But there are the English notes. Won't that make enough?"

"Not enough for two. I did not overlook the English notes."

"But, my dear fellow, you said—"

"That it cost Peter Schenyl 500. I believe it. He spoke in the honesty of drink. You cannot expect him to do an act of charity for nothing."

"I suppose not."

"He runs a certain amount of risk and must be paid for it, like any other honest man of enterprise. If the cost is 500, he would require at least 500 for his benevolence. Virtue must be rewarded, and the virtuous always look for 100 per cent on their investments."

"An infernal set of thieves," growled Gordon, thinking of government officials rather than the representatives of virtue. "There's no screwing him down any way!"

"None. What pressure can we bring to bear? You are at his mercy, and he will make the most of it, naturally. He knows that he shall not every penny you have for food, and two-thirds of it will be clear profit. He takes the minimum amount of risk, and it costs him nothing except an occasional bottle of villainous spirits to blind those who might find that he is taking in more bread than his family has been in the habit of consuming."

There was an interval of silence, and then Gordon, turning to me with a sigh, said:

"Well, my dear girl, I'm afraid you will have to go alone."

I looked at him and then at Iran Dostmember in mute astonishment. Iran was regarding Gordon with a curious look on his face, but was not surprised.

"I go alone?" said I at length, with bated breath.

"I don't see any help for it, for it's clear neither of us can go with you."

"It isn't going alone I'm thinking about. It's having you behind," said I.

"Oh, don't you bother about us. If this old rascal will take you to Berlin for 1,000 rubles, we shall still have 200 left. And that will carry us on capitolly—eh, old chap?" he asked, turning to Iran Dostmember and clapping him familiarly on the shoulder, as though he had made up his mind to break down all barriers and begin as they were going on in perfect brotherhood and cordial fellowship.

CONTINUED ON 4TH PAGE.

Ripans' Tablets more the bowels, Ripans' Tablets have a most tast.

them as you would your life. They may be worth more than that even."

With the fear that some of the escaped convicts might even now be watching us, I turned my head, and glancing among the scattered trees behind us I distinctly saw a white face standing out of the darkness.

I sprang up with a cry of alarm. Gordon was by my side in a moment. "There's no danger," said Iran, who had stepped forward a couple of paces with his stick tightly grasped. "It's only my friend, honest Schenyl."

Schenyl stalked across the opening, a rifle resting in the hollow of his arm. He wore a conical fur cap pulled down to his brows and a long frieze coat that came up to his ears. A bristly mustache, a red snub nose and a pair of ferret eyes were all one could see of his face. He looked fiercely at us as he stopped in the full light of the fire.

"I have stopped to have a chat with two acquaintances, Peter Schenyl," said Iran in almost a bantering tone. "They are English, traveling in Russia for pleasure, as you know English will at this season of the year. But unfortunately they have lost their way."

"And their papers perhaps?" said Peter Schenyl grimly.

"You have divined the truth, Peter Schenyl, with your usual astuteness. My friends have bought a loaf of me for a ruble, and I was just telling them where they might buy more when that is gone."

"Honest bread is very scarce in the country, and the price goes up daily. I may oblige an old friend now and then with a loaf at cost price, but a stranger must expect to pay a few kopecks over and above."

"I will tell them. The gentleman does not speak Russian; the lady only understands a little."

"Tell them likewise that it's against the regulations to make fires in the forests, and though I may allow it now and then they must be particularly careful that the smoke doesn't blow down the road. A posse of Cossacks should come along, there would be such backing and coughing that I should never hear the last of it."

"Very good. At the same time let them know that the governor of this province strongly objects to any one camping within half a verst of the road, and that I have excellent dried fish and tea of the first quality. Peace be with you."

And with this parting salutation Peter Schenyl turned on his heel like a guard on parade and marched off.

CHAPTER XXXVII
THE TIDE BEGINS TO TURN.

"Is that fellow a type of his class?" asked Gordon when Peter Schenyl was gone.

"Yes, and the class is typical of the whole genus of government officials. Every one of them is to be bought. With men of his rank the process is, as you see, simple enough. With men of higher grade the bribe must be higher, and one has to employ a little tact. That is the only difference. You might have bought yourself off at St. Petersburg had you known how to handle the minister."

"In that case why should we not get back to England?"

"I have thought of that. But you haven't enough. Every official on the road to the frontier would have to be bribed."

"But I have enough money in England."

"How are you to get it?"

"Write for it. The letter could be addressed to Schenyl."

Iran Dostmember laughed.

"Not a letter comes into Schenyl's hands that has not passed through a dozen on the road. Every official is on the lookout for a means to bleed another. Your letter would be expected to a certainty, and Peter Schenyl would be forced to hand you over to some one else. You would never get your remittance, though in time, by paying one and then another, you might at last get away; but it would take years, and we haven't a day to lose. Twelve hundred rubles and 425 English."

He made a mental calculation, then, shaking his head, said:

"I am afraid there's no chance for you, but I can ask Peter Schenyl. Yes, I will go back and have a dram with him on the strength of having sold a road to adventure. Give me a few kopecks. I have spent my last."

Gordon took the loose silver from his pocket, and putting it in Iran Dostmember's hand said:

"Whatever arrangement you make with the fellow, you will hear of nothing in return—we take you with us, or we stay with you and share what we have in equal parts till all is gone."

Iran Dostmember looked gravely at Gordon's face for a minute, then, with a smile, turned and left us in silence.

A long time elapsed—more than two hours, I think—before we saw him again. When at length he returned, we saw by his quick, firm step and the animation in his deep sunk eyes as he drew near the fire that our case was not hopeless.

"I had to make theascal drunk on his own liquor," he said, in explanation of his long absence, as he threw himself down on the ground beside us. "That's a long job with a Russian peasant, even when he helps himself at your expense. There was no getting a word of truth out of him while he was sober; would not on any consideration—no, not for all the gold in the world—betray the trust placed in him by the government; preferred death to dishonor and all the rest of it. However, little by little, as he grew more and more drunk he confessed to having at different times got five exiles out of Siberia and two of them across the frontier. Finally he let me know exactly what it cost him to get these two to Berlin—that is what I wanted to find out. As I expected, the cost is greater than your means will allow you to pay."

"How much?" Gordon asked in a tone of anxiety, still tinged with hope.

"The cost of getting one from here to Berlin is, roughly, 500 rubles."

"That means 1,500 for the 3, and we have but 15! But there are the English notes. Won't that make enough?"

"Not enough for two. I did not overlook the English notes."

"But, my dear fellow, you said—"

"That it cost Peter Schenyl 500. I believe it. He spoke in the honesty of drink. You cannot expect him to do an act of charity for nothing."

"I suppose not."

"He runs a certain amount of risk and must be paid for it, like any other honest man of enterprise. If the cost is 500, he would require at least 500 for his benevolence. Virtue must be rewarded, and the virtuous always look for 100 per cent on their investments."

"An infernal set of thieves," growled Gordon, thinking of government officials rather than the representatives of virtue. "There's no screwing him down any way!"

"None. What pressure can we bring to bear? You are at his mercy, and he will make the most of it, naturally. He knows that he shall not every penny you have for food, and two-thirds of it will be clear profit. He takes the minimum amount of risk, and it costs him nothing except an occasional bottle of villainous spirits to blind those who might find that he is taking in more bread than his family has been in the habit of consuming."

There was an interval of silence, and then Gordon, turning to me with a sigh, said:

"Well, my dear girl, I'm afraid you will have to go alone."

I looked at him and then at Iran Dostmember in mute astonishment. Iran was regarding Gordon with a curious look on his face, but was not surprised.

"I go alone?" said I at length, with bated breath.

"I don't see any help for it, for it's clear neither of us can go with you."

"It isn't going alone I'm thinking about. It's having you behind," said I.

"Oh, don't you bother about us. If this old rascal will take you to Berlin for 1,000 rubles, we shall still have 200 left. And that will carry us on capitolly—eh, old chap?" he asked, turning to Iran Dostmember and clapping him familiarly on the shoulder, as though he had made up his mind to break down all barriers and begin as they were going on in perfect brotherhood and cordial fellowship.

CONTINUED ON 4TH PAGE.

Ripans' Tablets more the bowels, Ripans' Tablets have a most tast.



"Don't be afraid to speak if you know more than that."

We assured him that we had never heard of his having a wife.

"I pray to God she is dead," he said fervently. "Better that she should be murdered by him than live to share his treachery. She was my sister," he added after a pause.

"That is why I trusted him. And when he knew all that I would tell him he sold me to the police. To conceal that fact I have been kept all these years in prison. Never mind that. Tell me all you know about him—every detail that comes into your mind. Who knows what this may lead to?"

We told him all that we knew, all that we thought about Kavanagh. His emotion had subsided, and he listened with intense fixity of purpose in his set features, not uttering a sound until the last word we had to say on the subject was spoken. Then, without debating any point in our statement, he said at once:

"There is more villainy underlying this than your dream of. Does he owe you money?"

"A trifle—a few pounds upon our last game of cards, that's all."

Iran dropped his voice and asked a question which was not intended for my ears. Gordon shook his head in the negative and then asked:

"Was there sufficient reason for his sending us out of England?"

"For getting rid of mademoiselle, certainly, but for sending you here—well, there was motive enough for an ordinary villain, but not enough for such a villain as Kavanagh."

"At any rate, now we are here, we may console ourselves with the belief that poor old Taras will be left alone unless the minister of police, who must know that I am not Taras—"

"Oh, he knows that well enough," said Iran Dostmember with a toss of his head. "Kavanagh wouldn't attempt to deceive him. The whole plot has been carried out with his consent. The minister's main object was to satisfy his master's ear. That is done, and Kavanagh has given a sufficient guarantee that Taras shall be heard of no more. He will be silenced before that terra cotta is burnt, unless—"

he added perfectly. Then after a moment's pause he asked abruptly, "You have money?"

"Plenty—in London."

"But here?"

Gordon did not know how much he had. Just before starting he put a notebook containing all his ready money in his pocket on the chance of money being needed for the rescue of Taras, and some of these notes he changed into Russian money at Moscow. He pulled out his case again, and opening it found that besides the note for a thousand rubles he had two of a hundred and five English notes of 5 each.

"Not enough," said Iran in a tone of disappointment. "But put them up. Guard

The Price Tells.
The Quality Sells.

J. B. SCHELL,
Merchant Tailor!
Brown Street, Rhinelander.
A Full Line of Foreign and Domestic Cloths
always on hand. If you want a first-class
perfect-fitting suit call on me.

T. A. CHAPMAN CO.
CLOAKS AND CAPES

We are showing an immense line of Cloaks and Capes, all new and fashionable shapes, for summer wear. We have marked down some odd lines of outside garments rather than carry them over to another season. You will find among these garments some excellent bargains.

T. A. CHAPMAN CO.
Milwaukee, - Wisconsin.

JOHN E. JACKSON
*** Sanitary Plumber ***
I am fully prepared to do all kinds of Plumbing—Steam and Hot Water Heating, Etc.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Estimates Cheerfully Furnished on Plumbing in all its Branches
Agent for the Leading Steam and Hot Water Heaters.
Office on Stevens Street opposite Fuller House.

If you wish to see something that is all it is represented to be, and, in its line, complete and unrivalled, you must look at the line of

FARGO'S \$2.50

SHOES AT SHAFER'S
M. W. SHAFER, Brown St.

F. D. VERRAN,
Furniture!
Largest Stock of House Furnishings in the city.
Goods sold on the Installment Plan. Easy Payments.<